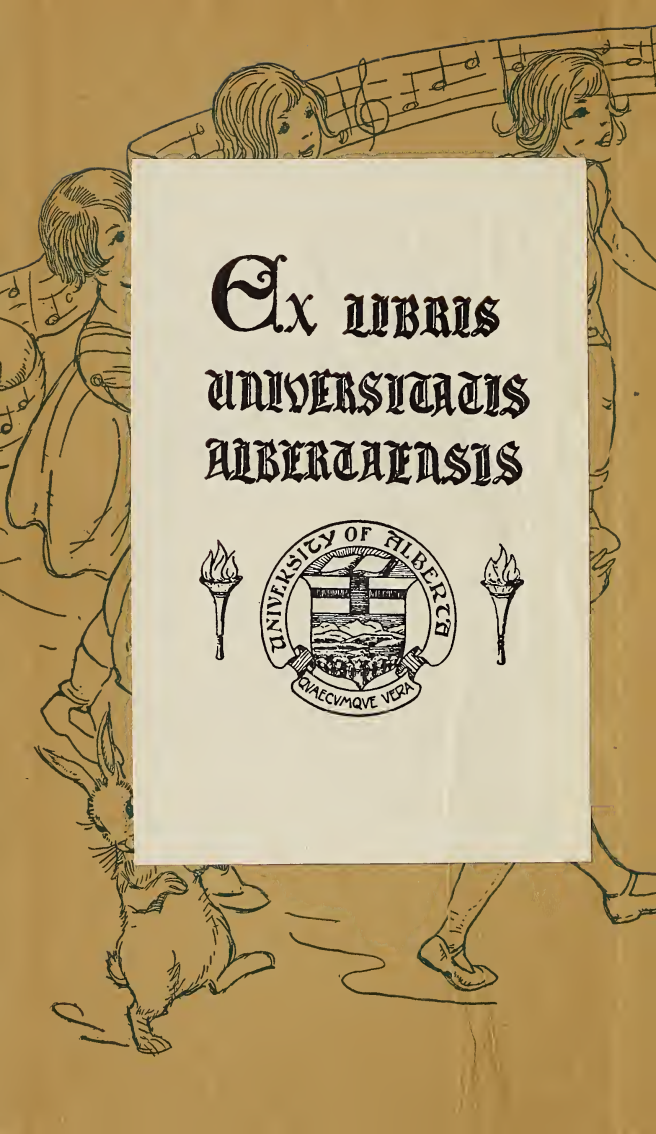
THE MAN IN THE DRUM

AND OTHER TALES

CURRICULUM

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA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Kinscella Readers

The Man in the Drum and Other Tales

By

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

Illustrations by Ruth Mary Hallock

Stories in Music Appreciation—Book Two

Lincoln · Chicago · New York · Dallas
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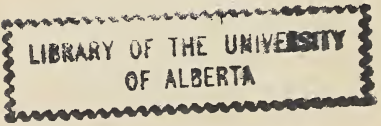

B. D.

FOREWORD

So long we have thought that music was a beautiful something only for Sundays or gala days or only for the children whose fathers and mothers have grand houses or big apartments or for church or an occasional concert.

Dear me, what a joy it must be to find out at last that it is just the finest thing in the world to live with every day, to sing it, to whistle it, to dance it, to listen to it, and *feel* what the composer wants us to "see" in his music and to understand what he means and why he wrote it just the way he did.

But of course you would never know all about these things nor ever dream how beautiful they are if Miss Kinscella had not written them all out for you. I hope that you will enjoy the music in the stories as much as the magic music-makers enjoyed waving their wands to make them for you.

Your Music Grandmother,
Frances Elliott Clark

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PREFACE

Reading with appreciation and hearing good music with appreciation are fine arts. Music appreciation is stimulated, and the imagination directed by active participation in the songs and games of childhood. This type of music appreciation should be shared and followed by listening to beautiful melodies. We should first "Learn to Listen," then "Listen to Learn."

In Book One of the Music Appreciation Readers, the best child literature, folk lore, and choice of old fables were associated with related music. The reader learned that there is rhythm in verse as there is in music; he acquired a background and atmosphere for real art music; and he learned of fundamental rhythms and instruments.

Book Two brings to the reader a definite development of the principles set forth in Book One. Musical knowledge and participation in each branch of the art of music appreciation is gradually widened. The questions introduced give the teacher opportunity for a test of the child's observation and understanding. They add interest and suggest delightful and helpful conversation lessons. A gradually increased knowledge of folk music, of the lives and picturesque customs of different peoples, of standard instruments, and of the boyhood and early lives of great composers

all tend to more intelligent listening, and to a greater and deeper enjoyment and appreciation of fine music and of the instruments that are used. The music itself is correlated with other studies and with the child's own life. Some, or all, of the music suggested should be heard with each of the reading lessons, so that the ear may hear the story which the eye reads.

Book Two is offered with the hope that it will add to the pleasure and instruction of its readers, be of assistance to the teachers who present it, and increase a love and appreciation for beautiful music. Accurate illustrations of the instruments were kindly furnished by the Victor Talking Machine Co.

The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Peter W. Dykema, Director of Music, Teachers' College, Columbia University; to George Oscar Bowen, Director of Music, Tulsa, Oklahoma; to Paul J. Weaver, Director of Music, University of North Carolina; to Frank A. Beach, Director of Music, State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas; to C. A. Fullerton, Director of Music, State Teachers' College, Cedar Falls, Iowa; to Thurlow Lieurance; to J. W. Searson and George E. Martin, authors of *Studies in Reading*; to Mrs. L. W. Tinley, Council Bluffs, Iowa, author of *First Steps in Reading*; to M. C. Lefler (Superintendent of Schools), H. O. Ferguson (Director of Music), and Merle

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Hazel Gertrude Kinscella

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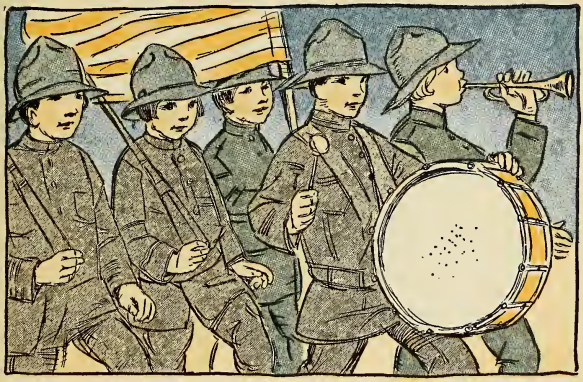

THE BOY AND THE DRUM

Rum-a-dum-dum! Rum-a-dum-dum!
Here I am with my big Bass Drum!
I can not beat when big folks play,
But I help the boys march, every day.
Rum-a-dum-dum! Rum-a-dum-dum!
Here I am with my big Bass Drum!

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Soldier Boys," from "Song Primer" by *Alys Bentley*. Listen for the beating of the drums in this song and its accompaniment.

THE BIG DRUM*

A little man bought him
A big Bass Drum,
Boom, Boom, Boom!
"Who knows," said he,
When a war will come?"
Boom, Boom, Boom!
"I'm not at all frightened,
you understand,
But if I am called on
to fight for my land,
I want to be ready
to play in the band."
Boom, Boom, Boom!

—*Malcolm Douglas.*

QUESTIONS

1. With what is the Bass Drum played?
2. How many Bass Drums have you seen in a band?

Music to Hear:
"Toy Soldiers' March"—*Fritz Kreisler.*
"Trumpeter and Drum" from "Petite Suite"—*Bizet.*
"Hurrah for the Flag"—*Howliston.*

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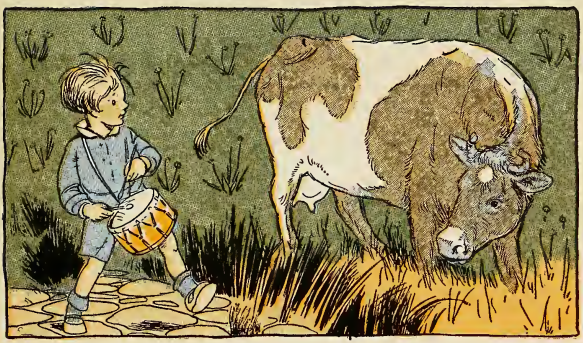


THE SOLDIER WHO LIVED IN THE DRUM*

Robert had a new drum. It had a big strap on it. When Robert wanted to carry the drum, he put the strap over his neck.

One day when he was playing, a little fairy flew down onto the grass beside him.

"Take good care of your new drum," said the fairy.

"I will take good care of it," said

*Adapted from *Little Animal Stories*, compiled by Frances Wild Danielson, published by the Pilgrim Press. Used by permission and special arrangement.

Robert. "I will not beat it too hard, and I will not leave it out in the rain."

"That is a very fine drum," said the fairy. "A little soldier lives in it."

Then the fairy went away.

Robert looked at his drum, but he could not see any soldier in it.

Then he shook the drum, but the little soldier did not make any sound.

"If I were in that drum, I would make a noise," said Robert. "The fairy was wrong. There is no soldier in my drum."

Then Robert put the strap over his neck and marched down the street.

He beat on his drum as he marched.

"Rat-a-tat-tat, tat-tat, tat-tat!
Rat-a-tat-tat, tat-tat, tat-tat!
Here we come, Rob and his drum!
Rat-a-tat-tat, tat-tat, tat-tat!"

Soon Robert met a big cow, of which he was very much afraid.

"I think I shall run home," said he.

"Be a brave boy, Robert," said a wee, wee voice. The wee, wee voice came from inside the drum.

So Robert beat on the drum and walked right by the cow.

"Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!" said the drum.

Soon Robert saw some boys who were playing with a kitten.

The boys were not kind to the kitten. They pulled its tail, and threw water on it.

"Tell the boys to let the kitten go," said the wee, wee voice inside the drum.

So Robert called to the boys, "Let that kitten go!"

The boys let it go, and it ran away as fast as it could.

"Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!" said the drum.

When it grew dark, Robert was afraid, and he began to cry.

"Don't cry, Robert. Be brave!" said the wee, wee voice inside the drum. "Play a tune on the top of my head, and march along home."

So Robert marched home, playing "Rat-a-tat-tat!" all the way.

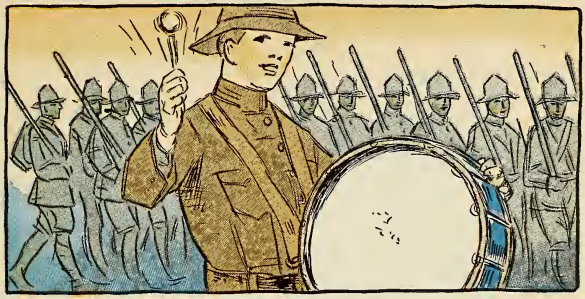
"I know there is a little soldier inside my drum," said Robert. "I can not see him, but I can hear him talk. And he always tells me to be brave."

—*Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.*

QUESTIONS

1. What was the voice inside the drum?
2. What did it say?
3. What kind of drum was it?
4. How did Robert carry it?

Music to Hear:
"Soldier Boys"—*Alys Bentley.*
"Tenth Regiment March"—*Hall.*
"War Dance"—*Skilton* (Listen to the "tom-tom").



THE BASS DRUM

In the picture you see a boy playing the big Bass Drum.

The Bass Drum is always played with one drumstick. At the end of the drumstick is a round knob made of soft leather.

As the big boy plays on the Bass Drum, it makes a deep sound.

It says some things, too. It says, "March! March! March! Keep Time!" All boys and girls love to keep time to the Bass Drum.

—*H. G. K.*

Marching Music:
"March"—*Gurlitt.*

THE DRUM AND THE LILY

There was once a big, round Drum.

This Drum lived in an empty room.

One day a man came for the Drum, and carried it away with him. As he carried it he struck on its side, many times.

"Boom! Boom!" it said. "Listen to me! What a fine voice I have!"

Just then the man and the Drum passed a fine garden. There they saw a beautiful white Lily.

The Drum called to the Lily, "Boom! Boom! Listen to my fine voice. I can be heard far off. I make people march and keep time."

But the white Lily only nodded its head gently to the wind.

"I can only be a quiet little flower," it said. "But I send out a sweet perfume. I make sad people happy, and I often visit those who are sick. I also go to church each Sunday."

"You have nothing but a loud sound in you," went on the white Lily. "You cannot even speak until some one strikes your side."

The man had heard the words of the Drum.

He had also heard the words of the little white Lily.

"Stop this foolish talk," said he. "You two need not quarrel. You are each good and useful in your places. There is plenty of work for you both.

—*Æsop.*

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of drum is struck on the side?
2. How many drumsticks would the drummer use?

Music to Hear:
"To Spring"—*Edward Grieg.*

THE SNARE DRUM

The Snare Drum is very much smaller than the Bass Drum.

It is always played with two small drumsticks. These drumsticks are made of wood, and one is held in each hand.

The Snare Drum does not make as much noise as a Bass Drum when it is played. It is easier to carry, but it says the same thing, "March!" and "Keep Time!"

—*H. G. K.*

Music in which the Snare Drum is Heard:
"Fra Diavolo"—*Auber.*
"Moraima"—*Spanish.*

DRUMS IN SERBIA

Far across the sea, there is a very old country, called Serbia.

In Serbia, the country people wear very pretty clothes. Instead of shoes, they wear sandals, which they tie onto their feet with little pieces of leather.

All Serbs love music.

Each Serbian shepherd boy owns a flute, and carries it in his belt when he leaves his home each morning.

As he walks along the roads, or sits on the hillside watching his sheep, he plays sweet music upon it.

When a holiday comes, the boys and girls build great bonfires upon the hillsides. They dance about the bonfires all day to the sound of music and singing.

But the Serbs have drums, too.

In our land, the man who plays the drum in the band, always carries his own drum. In Serbia, the drummers

do not carry their drums. There, the drums are put onto small, two wheeled carts. These carts are drawn by large dogs.

Of course, the drummer must beat time as he marches. But his dog is so well trained, that he keeps his place, even on the longest marches.

The drummer always walks behind the cart, beating time as he goes along.

Each regiment of soldiers in Serbia has two or three big drums.

Ask your teacher to show you where Serbia is on a globe.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. How is the Bass Drum carried in Serbia?
2. Where does the drummer march?
3. Who carries the Bass Drum in our country?
4. What instrument besides the Drum do the Serbs play?
5. What do the boys and girls do on holidays in Serbia?

Music to Hear:
"March of the Tin Soldiers"—*Tschaikowsky.*
"Serbia"—*National Air.*
"Rise, Serbia"—*Patriotic Air of Serbia.*
"Balkan Folk Dance"—*Folk Air.*

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son
Learned to play when he was young.
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the Hills and Far Away."

—*Old Jingle.*

Music to Hear:
"Over the Hills and Far Away"—*Folk Song.*

JAPANESE DRUMS

In Japan, the mothers beat softly upon little drums while they sing lullabies to their children. As the boys and girls grow up they, too, learn to play the drum.

The Japanese sometimes make their drums out of dried gourds. They make them by putting skins over the tops of the gourds.

In summer time, many bands of native children travel through Japan. They give little shows of skill in tumbling and rolling.

They do all their tumbling and rolling to the sound of a gourd drum.

These Japanese children are very clever. The people who come to see them give them many presents.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What do the Japanese mothers sing to their children at bedtime?
2. What instruments do they use?
3. How do they make them?
4. What music do the children have when they give their shows?

Music to Hear:

"Sleep, Sleep, Dear Child"—*Japanese Cradle Song*, with drum.
"Japanese 'Mother Goose' Songs"—*Folk Airs*.

DRUMS IN TURKEY

In Turkey, a land not so very far from Serbia, people in the parades march in step to the very loud and noisy beating of many drums.

Often, several drummers march in the parades. There may also be two or three men who help to keep time by

striking together large pieces of brass as they walk.

These pieces are called Cymbals.

Cymbals are always used in pairs. Each Cymbal is made of a round piece of brass which looks like a plate.

When he is ready to march, the player fastens a Cymbal on each of his hands. Then he keeps time by striking them together with an up-and-down sliding motion.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. How many drums do they use for parades in Turkey?
2. What other instruments are used?
3. Of what are they made?
4. How many does each player carry?
5. In what way does he carry them?
6. Tell how he strikes them together.
7. How could you make some toy Cymbals?

Music to Hear:

"Turkish March," from "Ruin of Athens"—*Beethoven.*

"A Jolly Time" — *Kinscella.* Listen for the Cymbals.

© *Ewing Galloway, N. Y.*

DRUMS IN INDIA

Drums are used in India to keep time for dancing.

The drums which are used are not so large as our Bass Drums. They are also of a different shape. They really look very much like small, narrow barrels.

The man who plays on this kind of drum beats it with his hand. He some-

times sings at the same time that he is beating upon his drum.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of drum do the people of India use?
2. How is it played?

Music to Hear:
"Song of India"—*Rimsky-Korsakoff.* This music should be heard at this time as a violin solo.

MARCHING BOYS

Left, right, left, right,
Here we go,
Ten small fellows
In a row;

Left, right, left, right,
Marching free,
A marching life is
The life for me.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:
"Parade of the Wooden Soldiers"—*Jessel.*

BOY DRUMMERS IN HOLLAND

There is a certain part of Europe that is called Holland, or "hollow land." It is called by this name because the land is very low. It is sometimes lower than the water in the great sea just outside.

You would think that the sea would flow over all the land and wash the houses away.

But the Dutch, as the people are called, keep the water out by building strong walls or dikes.

Many of the streets in the cities in Holland are of water, instead of land. These are called canals.

The boys and girls can either walk on the sidewalks as we do, or they can sail up and down through the towns in boats.

One day, a very long time ago,*

*In 1622.

some Dutch boys were playing ball on a sidewalk in the city of Amsterdam.

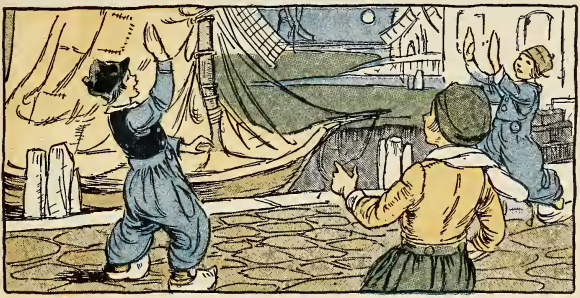
They were playing just in front of a large building. This building was called the "Exchange."

When their fathers wanted to sell something, or to talk about business, they went to the "Exchange." It looked very much like one of our banks.

The boys played quite a while. The ball went back and forth many times. Each boy had his turn at catching and throwing the ball.

Then, one boy who tried to catch it, missed it. The ball rolled away on the sidewalk and fell into the water under the "Exchange."

Now this building was built in what we would think was a very funny way. It was built on strong, wooden posts that were driven into the ground.



The houses and other buildings in Holland are often built in that way because of the water.

When the ball rolled under the building, one of the boys went after it.

Instead of a ball, the boy saw a big wooden boat. It was full of boxes and barrels of gunpowder.

The little Dutch boy was very frightened. He had always been told that gunpowder was sure to hurt or kill anyone who was near it.

So he ran all the way home to tell his father.

When his father heard the story

he said, "I must go at once and tell the Mayor!"

So he went to the Mayor and told him what his boy had seen.

The Mayor called some men, and they went together to see the boat.

It had not been a very long time since the men of Holland had been in a great war. When the Mayor and his friends saw what was in the boat, they knew that some one was going to blow up the "Exchange."

Without telling anyone, they sank the boat in the deep water under the "Exchange." The danger was over, for gunpowder can not be used after it has been in water.

Then, the Mayor and all the men in the city called for the little Dutch boy who had found the boat.

"What present can we give you," asked the Mayor, "for what you have done for us?"

There was one thing that this Dutch boy had always liked to do. That was to go inside the "Exchange" with his father. But whenever his father did take him there, he was sure to tell him to "be still." So he did not have any fun there at all.

He thought of this when the Mayor asked him what he should like for a present.

So this is how he answered the Mayor:

"Thank you, Sir! There is just one thing that I should like."

"And what is that?" asked the Mayor.

"Well, Sir, I should like you to promise that once each summer, as long as there is an 'Exchange' in Amsterdam, all the boys in the city may play their drums there for an hour."

The Mayor thought this was a very

funny present. But he gave the little Dutch boy the present he asked for.

So, on the afternoon of "Drummers' Day" in Amsterdam, you always see a big crowd of boys waiting outside the "Exchange." Each boy has a drum over his shoulder.

Soon, the men who are in the "Exchange" open the doors wide. Then as many of the boys as can, march into the building. For an hour they march about the fine hall, singing songs of Holland and beating time on their drums.

Such a noise they make, with their wooden shoes and their noisy drums!

No one has a better time than the men who watch them. They remember when they were boys, too, and marched around on "Drummers' Day."

The old "Exchange" was torn down many years ago. Then a fine, new building was built in its place. But

still it is given to the boys once each year as a playground, in honor of the little Dutch boy of long ago.

—*Old Dutch History Tale.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is "Drummers' Day" in Amsterdam?
2. Why are the boys allowed to march round inside the "Exchange"?
3. What do they do besides beat their drums?
4. Tell of any Dutch song you know.
5. Why do their shoes add to the noise?

THE DUTCH KITTEN

Oh! Oh! Oh! See the little black kitten!
It walked out in the snow and got some white mittens—
One, two, three, four new little mittens!
Oh! What a dear little, cunning Dutch kitten!

—*A Dutch Jingle.*

Music to Hear:
"Dutch Folk Song"—*Folk Air.*
"Dutch National Air"—*Patriotic Air.*
"Peasants' Dance"—*Schytte.*

LITTLE JOSEPH AND THE PARADE

There once lived a little boy whose name was Joseph Haydn.* Little Joseph lived in a village across the sea.

One day, Joseph's big Cousin Frank came to the house where Joseph lived.

"There will be a big parade tomorrow," said Cousin Frank. "But the man who beats the big bass drum is sick. So he cannot play. Joseph

*Joseph Haydn, (*High-dn*) the great Austrian composer.

keeps good time. Do you think he can learn to beat the drum and march tomorrow?''

''He can try,'' said Joseph's mother.

''That will be such fun!'' said Joseph, clapping his hands.

Then Cousin Frank went away.

Joseph thought, ''I want to be a good drummer. I really ought to try beating a drum here at home.''

Joseph had no drum. So he had to make one.

''There is mother's round basket of flour,'' he said. ''I will tie a piece of cloth over the top of the basket. Then I can use it for a drum.''

Joseph found a piece of cloth and tied it over the top of the round basket. He set the basket on a chair in the kitchen.

Then he took a stick in his hand and began to beat.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The stick did not make very much noise. So Joseph beat harder on it.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

What a queer looking boy Joseph was when his mother came into the kitchen!

He was white with flour from his head to his feet!

His drumstick had made a hole in the cloth. Every time he beat on it the flour flew out of the basket. It flew all over Joseph and over the floor.

"What are you doing, my son?" said Joseph's mother, when she came into the kitchen.

"I am just learning to beat the drum," said little Joseph.

How his mother laughed!

The next morning everybody went to see the big parade.

The flag came first. All the children cheered. Then came the drum.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

When the big drum went past, they saw Joseph marching behind, beating it with a drumstick.

The boys and girls cheered again. "Hurrah for Joseph!" they all cried together.

When Joseph grew up he was a great man. He learned to write beautiful music. In this way he made many people happy.

But he never forgot how he learned to play the big bass drum.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What was this boy's name?
2. What did he use for a drum?
3. Where did he beat a real drum?
4. Why was the drum used in the parade?
5. What did Joseph Haydn do when he grew up?

Music by Joseph Haydn:
"Minuet in D"—*Haydn - Burmester.*
Marching Music:
"Marching On"—*Kinscella.*

THANKSGIVING SONG*

We are all at the table,
Each one has his place.
We sit there very quietly
While papa says the grace:

"Now, our Heavenly Father,
Bless this food, I pray.
Bless it, and all your children,
On this glad Thanksgiving Day."

—Genevieve Dahl.

LITTLE KEYS

Hearts like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these:
"I thank you, sir," and, "If you please."

—Old Rhyme.

Music to Hear:
"Praise Him"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*

*Used by courteous permission of Mrs. A. Dahl.

THE MAGIC VINE

A fairy seed I planted,
So dry and white and old;
There sprang a vine enchanted
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, and I tended it,
And truly, bye and bye,
It bore a Jack o'Lantern
And a great Thanksgiving Pie.

—*Unknown.*

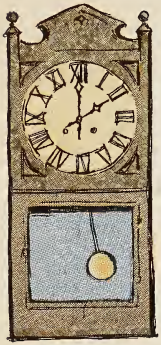
A PRAYER

Father, bless Thy little child,
And keep me near to Thee;
Help me through the busy day
Thy loving child to be.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Sing or to Hear:
"Thanksgiving Song"—*Gaynor.*
"Song Without Words" (Chanson sans paroles)—*Tschaikowsky.*

KEEPING TIME



The drum is not the only thing that keeps time.

There is something in your house, and in every schoolroom, which keeps time, too. Can you guess what it is?

Do you see the long arm below the clock as it swings back and forth? That is called the pendulum.

What does the clock say? Try and keep time with your finger as the clock says, "Tick, Tock!"

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What does the drum say?
2. What else "keeps time"?
3. How does the clock keep time?

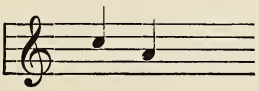
Music in which a Clock is Heard:
"The Clock"—*Kullak.*
"The Clock," from "Song Primer"—*Alys Bentley.*

A CUCKOO CLOCK

There are many kinds of clocks. One kind is called a Cuckoo Clock. It is called a Cuckoo Clock because a cuckoo bird comes out of the little door at the top, once each hour, and tells the time.

The cuckoo is a jolly little bird, and always likes to tell its own name.

The song of the real Cuckoo is just two notes long. This is the shortest song, or tune, in the world. Can you sing it?

—*H. G. K.*

Music about Clocks:
"Cuckoo Music"—*Johnstone.*

THE CLOCK IN THE KITCHEN

There was once an old clock that stood on a shelf in a kitchen. The old clock had stood on the same shelf for many years.

One morning Old Clock stopped.

"Why have you stopped your ticking, Old Clock?" asked the Farmer.

"I am so tired," said Old Clock. "When I thought how many times I would have to say tick-tock, to-day, I just had to stop."

"You need not think of all the tick-tocks," said the wise Farmer. "Just think of one tick-tock at a time."

So Old Clock began to say "Tick! Tock!" again.

When night came it had all its ticking done for the day.

—Old English Fable.

QUESTIONS

1. What do clocks do when they say tick-tock?

2. Do you have to keep time in music?

Music to Hear:
"Tick-Tock"—*Johnstone.*

GOOD CLOCKS*

At noon and midnight day by day,
The good clocks everywhere
Fold close their hands and hold them up
To make their little prayer.

They make their prayer together all
Who truly vigil keep,
At busy noon when we forget,
At midnight while we sleep.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

Music to Hear:
"The Cuck-Coo Clock"—*Grant-Schaefer.*

*Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

A SUNSHINE CLOCK

A sunshine clock is often called a Sun Dial.

It has a face but has no hands. It has no wheels and no pendulum.

You can leave it out of doors at night, in the dew or in the rain, and it will still tell the time. But it will only tell the time when the sun shines.

What a queer kind of clock!

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Do all clocks keep time?
2. Why does a sunshine clock not keep time?

Music to Hear:

"Sunshine Song," from "Peer Gynt" (Pair Gint) by *Grieg* (*Greeg*). Best heard at this time as played by quartet of instruments.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

There was once a fine gray duck. It lived in the country on a large farm. There it made its nest, and sat on the nest and hatched.

One of the eggs in Old Duck's nest was much larger than the other eggs, but Old Duck did not know that it was a swan's egg.

One day the eggs hatched, and the young ducks came out. All the ducklings were gray. They were very pretty.

When the big egg was hatched, and a big ugly duckling came out, Old Duck said, "That is a very large duckling. None of the others look like it at all."

Ugly Duckling, for so it was soon called, was really a very homely bird. It was also very large.

Whenever it went into the farm-

yard, all the other ducks ran at it. They picked at it with their bills, and took its food away from it.

"You are too big," said the other ducks and the chickens.

"I wish the cat would catch you, Ugly Duckling!" said one of the little ducks.

"I wish you were not here at all!" said Old Duck, who was very proud of all her pretty ducklings.

Ugly Duckling was very sad.

One day it ran away and flew over the fence. Then it hurried to a large lake where the wild ducks lived. There it lay sleeping all night long. In the morning it went on.

"Maybe I will come to a place," it said, "where no one will pick at me, and tell me how ugly I am."

At last it came to a poor man's house. There it decided to stay all winter. But even here everyone told

Ugly Duckling how very homely it was.

"I must be very ugly," said Ugly Duckling to itself. "When spring comes, I will go on farther. I will go far away, where no one will look at me and tell me how very ugly I am."

One fine spring morning, Ugly Duckling left the poor man's house. It flew along all day. When night came, it was very tired.

"Here are some nice bushes," it said. "I will rest here through the night. Here no one can see me, or tell me how homely I am."

In this way, Ugly Duckling spent many weeks. It flew about over many ponds, and slept each night in the bushes.

One evening, it came to a great garden. In the center of the garden was a large pool.

When morning came again, the sun

began to shine, and the larks began to sing. It was a beautiful morning!

Out of the bushes beside the pool came three beautiful white swans. They rustled their wings, then swam away over the water.

Ugly Duckling had never seen anything so pretty as the swans. They had shining white feathers and long graceful necks.

"Oh, if I could only swim as they do!" said Ugly Duckling. "I will go to these beautiful birds. Maybe they will be kind to me."

So it flew out onto the water, and swam toward the beautiful swans.

The swans looked around. When they saw Ugly Duckling swimming toward them, they turned around and came toward it in a great hurry.

How frightened poor Ugly Duckling was!

It bent its head down. What was

this that it saw in the clear blue water?

It was a picture of its own self. But it was no longer the homely dark-gray bird that had been called Ugly Duckling!

All its feathers had changed their color. It had grown into a beautiful pure white swan. It had no color on it at all except on its shining yellow bill. The gentle breeze ruffled its feathers as it floated along. What a pretty bird it was!

The old swans swam around it and stroked it with their beaks.

Then some little children came into the garden, to throw bread and corn into the water.

"There is a new swan!" cried the smallest boy.

Then the children cried, "Oh, what a pretty new one! He is the prettiest of all the birds we have ever seen."

So the beautiful white swan raised its head. "How happy I am!" he said, then swam away over the quiet water.

—*Retold from Hans Christian Andersen.*

A NONSENSE RHYME

D was a duck
With spots on his back,
Who lived in the water,
And always said "Quack!"
Dear little duck!

—*Edward Lear.*

QUESTIONS

1. Is it the tune, or the accompaniment, that suggest the swan as it swims away over the quiet water? Give the reasons for your answer.

2. Try to find the place in the music that tells you that the swan has raised its head.

Music to Hear: "The Swan"—From "Carnival of Animals" by *Saint-Saens* (Sanh-Sahn).

Listen for the tune, or melody, in this piece. Hear also the rippling accompaniment.

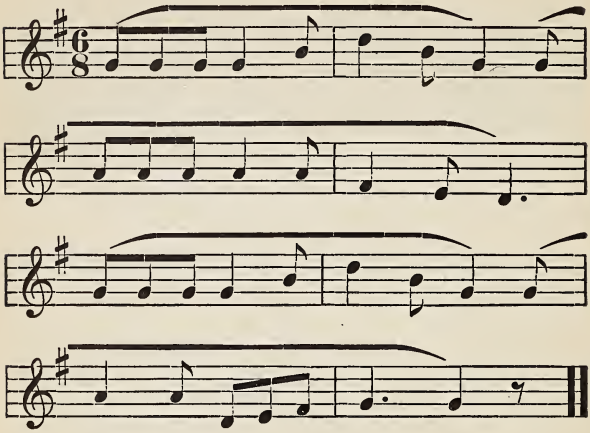
A SINGING GAME

There are many ways in which to keep time.

One way is to sing a little song and keep time to it by playing a game.

Here is a Singing Game which is very old. It was first played, or danced, in Europe many hundreds of years ago. Every one who played it sang the words as they played.

On the next page is the "air" or tune to which to sing the verses.

Here we go, 'round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
Here we go 'round the mulberry bush
So early in the morning.

Add new verses for every day of the week. Act them out while you sing.

Monday Morning:

"This is the way we wash our clothes."

Tuesday Morning:

"This is the way we iron our clothes."

Wednesday Morning:

"This is the way we mend our shoes."

Thursday Morning:

"This is the way we visit our friends."

Friday Morning:
"This is the way we sweep the house."

Saturday Morning:
"This is the way we stir a cake."

Sunday Morning:
"This is the way we go to church."

Other verses might begin:
"This is the way we beat a drum."
"This is the way we blow a horn."
"This is the way we play a flute."
"This is the way we ring a bell."
"This is the way we dance and sing."

—*Old English Singing Game.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a "singing game"?
2. When was it first played?
3. Where was it first played?
4. How does a game help to keep time?

Music to Hear:
"Round and Round the Mulberry Bush"— *Old English Singing Game.*
Suggestion: Children may sing this game, or use a record, by Sousa's Band, and sing and play to it.

FARMER BROWN'S GRAY PONY

Everyone in town knew Farmer Brown's Gray Pony.

Farmer Brown lived on a farm in the country. In the summer he worked on his farm. In the winter he worked in a store in town.

Every morning in the winter, Farmer Brown rode Gray Pony into town. When they got to the store, Farmer Brown would get off Gray Pony, tie up the bridle and say,

"Now, go home, Gray Pony. Come back for me to-night."

Then Farmer Brown would go into the store, and Gray Pony would go gallop-ty, gallop, home again.

There he would eat sweet hay in the barn and wait for night to come, so that he could go for his master.

When night came, Gray Pony would go gallop-ty, gallop, back to town and

stand in front of the store, until Farmer Brown was ready to go home.

One cold winter morning, when Farmer Brown came out of the house, he found the ground all shiny with ice.

"I cannot ride you to town to-day, Gray Pony," said Farmer Brown. "You have no sharp shoes on your feet. You would fall on the ice and be hurt."

So Farmer Brown walked to town that morning.

After he had been gone quite a while Gray Pony thought, "I know where the blacksmith shop is. I shall go for some sharp shoes myself. My master shall not have to walk home to-night."

So Gray Pony chewed and chewed and chewed at the little rope that tied him up in the barn. At last the rope was chewed in two.

Then Gray Pony turned around and

went out of the barn. But this time he did not gallop. He walked very slowly, and put each foot down carefully.

At last he came to the blacksmith shop.

The door of the shop was closed. So Gray Pony pawed at it, and shook his head.

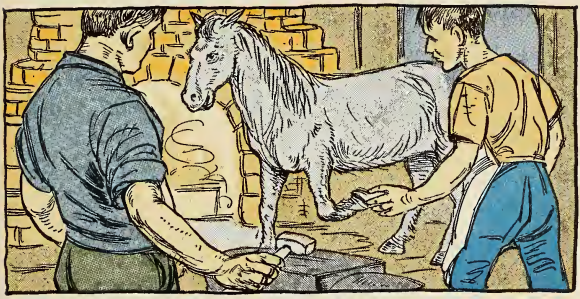
The Blacksmith opened the door and Gray Pony walked by him into the shop.

"Well, what do you want, Gray Pony?" asked the Blacksmith.

Gray Pony lifted each little foot, one after the other, and looked at the Blacksmith.

He seemed to say: "Please give me some nice sharp shoes, dear Blacksmith."

The Blacksmith laughed. "I believe Gray Pony wants some new shoes," he said to the boy who helped him.



"I think so, too," said the boy.

Then the Blacksmith began to hammer and hammer on some iron. Soon, he had made four new, sharp shoes and had put them on Gray Pony.

Gray Pony looked at the Blacksmith as if to say, "Thank You." Then he turned around and went gallop-ty, gallop, all the way home.

When supper time came Farmer Brown found Gray Pony waiting for him outside the store.

"You are the smartest little horse I ever saw," said Farmer Brown.

Then he climbed onto Gray Pony's back and they galloped home.

—*A True Story.*

QUESTIONS

1. Show with your hands how a pony keeps time when he goes gallop-ty gallop.

2. Show with your hands how Gray Pony changes the time of his gallop-ty gallop when he goes fast, or slowly.

Music to Hear:
"My Pony"—*Grant-Schaefer.*
"My Old Dan"—*Max Lowen.*

THE BLACKSMITH

The blacksmith hammers the whole day long,
His hammer is heavy, but his arm is strong.
Here comes a horse—what will blacksmith do?
He will hammer out a strong iron shoe.

—*Old English Song.*

Music to Hear:
"The Blacksmith"—*Riley-Gaynor.*
"The Blacksmith"—*Johnstone.*
"Song of Iron"—*Riley-Gaynor.*

WOLFGANG AND NANNERL

Many long years ago* a boy was born in Salzburg, a pretty town far away over the sea.

This little boy's first name was Wolfgang. His last name was Mozart.

Little Wolfgang had a sister, called Nannerl, whom he loved very dearly.

Wolfgang and Nannerl had many good times. They always sang and played games together.

One day, when Nannerl was about

*January 27, 1756.

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eight years old, the children's father said,

"Come, Nannerl, and I will teach you how to make some pretty music."

Then he took her into the parlor. For nearly an hour he taught the little girl. He told her many things about the black notes on the white pages, and about the black and white keys.

All the time that the father taught Nannerl, little Wolfgang, who was only three years old at the time, stood by his side.

When Nannerl got down from the high stool, Wolfgang said,

"Now let me try, Father."

"You are too little, Wolfgang," said his father.

But how surprised he was when little Wolfgang climbed up onto the stool and played the very piece of music that Nannerl had been learn-

ing, without making a single mistake.

After that, Wolfgang and his sister Nannerl learned to play many pretty duets.

Their father was their only teacher. How proud he was of them both!

One day a wonderful thing happened. Father Mozart took Nannerl and Wolfgang to the palace to play for the Queen!

When the Mozarts reached the palace, the Queen was eating her dinner. So they all sat down to wait.

The Queen was soon through eating. Then Father Mozart took each of his children by the hand and led them up onto a platform that was built at one end of the beautiful room. Wolfgang and Nannerl each bowed politely to the Queen. Then they sat down and played.

The Queen was so pleased with the

pretty music they made, that she kissed them both. She also gave each of them a pretty present, and sent them and their father home in her own carriage.

All this took place long, long ago. Now other boys and girls play and hear the pretty pieces of music that Wolfgang Mozart wrote, and that he and Nannerl played that day at the Queen's palace, so many years ago.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who taught Wolfgang and Nannerl to play music?

2. Why was Father Mozart surprised when Wolfgang played so well?

3. In what way did Wolfgang Mozart become famous?

Compositions by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart:
"Menuett"—D Major, No. 1.
"Cradle Song."
"Gavotte."

"WHY DO BELLS AT CHRISTMAS RING?"

Why do bells at Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled,
"This is Christ, the Holy Child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring.
Therefore little children sing.

—*Eugene Field.*

Music to Hear:
"Pastoral Symphony"—*George Frederick Handel.*

*From "Poems of Eugene Field"; copyright, 1900, 1910, by Julia S. Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

THE STORY OF A SONG

Once, in a little town over the sea, there lived a man named Pastor Mohr.

This man had a friend who was a school teacher on week days. On Sunday he played the organ in church.

The teacher's name was Franz Gruber.

One day, when these two friends were visiting with each other, they wrote a beautiful song.

Pastor Mohr wrote the words for the song. Franz Gruber, the school teacher, wrote the music.

When the song was finished, the two friends said, "Let us sing this for some of our friends."

So they went to the homes of many of their friends, and there they sang their new song.

The next day was Sunday. So they sang the new song at church.

Ever since that day, now more than a hundred years ago, boys and girls, and grown people, too, have loved this song. They sing it each year at Christmas time.

The name of the song is "Silent Night."

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who wrote the words for "Silent Night"?
2. Who wrote the music?
3. At what time of the year is this song usually sung?
4. Why do you like it?
5. What did Franz Gruber do on week days? What did he do on Sundays?

Music to Hear:

"Silent Night"—*Mohr-Franz Gruber*. You should sing the song, or you should hear it played beautifully by a trio of instruments. If played by a trio, it should be played three times—as if for three verses. The first time it is played, the Violin should "sing" the melody. The second time it is played through, the melody should be played by little bells. The third time it is played, the Flute should take the lead. Children should listen, or hum with the instruments.

O HOLY NIGHT

O Holy Night,
The stars are brightly shining;
It is the night
Of the dear Saviour's birth.

—*Old French Carol.*

Music to Hear:
"O Holy Night"—*Old French Christmas Carol.* This is very beautiful when played by a trio of instruments, such as the Violin, 'Cello, and Harp.

GOOD NEWS*

I've heard a pleasant piece of news
For children who are good.
A million lovely Christmas trees
Are waiting in the wood.

Indeed, the green procession
Is already marching down,
From forests on the mountain
To children in the town.

—*Anna M. Pratt.*

Music to Hear:
"Humoresque"—*Dvořàk.*

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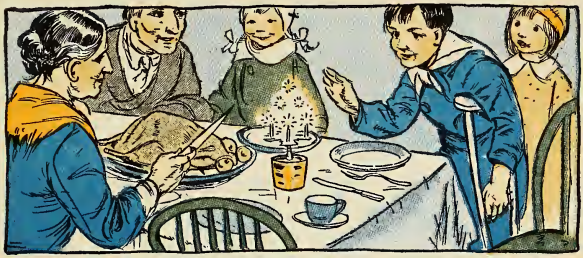


TINY TIM

Tiny Tim was lame. He had to walk with a crutch.

Tiny Tim's father and mother were very poor. Some days his father could earn but a little money.

On those days there was not very much to eat for supper.

Everyone loved Tiny Tim. Though he was lame, and could never walk well, he was never cross.

One day his mother said, "To-morrow is Christmas Day. We shall all have a good time and a good dinner. No one will have such good food to eat."

On Christmas morning Tiny Tim's mother called his brother Peter and his sister Bertha to help get the fine dinner ready.

Bertha spread a white cloth on the table. Peter blew on the fire until it burned up, nice and hot.

Soon the dinner was cooking. Then all the other boys and girls came in. They had been to church to hear the Christmas music.

Last of all came Tiny Tim.

His father had carried him to church, and home again, on his shoulder.

"How did you like church, Tiny Tim?" said his mother.

"Oh, it was beautiful," said Tiny Tim.

"I hope the people saw me there. Then they could be glad, on this merry Christmas Day, that they are strong and well."

When the dinner was ready to eat, they all sat down at the table.

"Oh, such a goose! How good it smells!" said all the boys and girls.

"And such a pudding!"

"We never had so nice a dinner!"

At last the dinner was all eaten.

Tiny Tim's mother took away the dishes. She put a pile of apples and oranges on the table.

Then the family sat down around the fire.

Tiny Tim sat on a little stool, very close to his father.

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears; God bless us!" said Tiny Tim's father.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" said every one at once.

And, "God bless us—every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—Adapted from "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens.

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of songs do we sing at Christmas?
2. Name any songs which you sing at Christmas.
3. Why is Christmas music so beautiful?
4. How does Christmas music make us happy?
5. Why did everyone love Tiny Tim?
6. How did Peter and Bertha help to get the dinner ready?
7. What does Tiny Tim say at the end of the story?

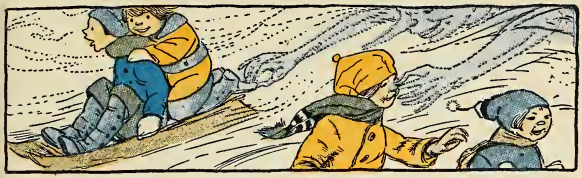
Christmas Music:
"Around the Christmas Tree"— *Folk Song.*

LITTLE MISS LUCY

Little Miss Lucy
Sat on a goosie.
Quack! Quack! said the goosie!
Off fell Miss Lucy!

—*Old Dutch Rhyme.*

Music to Hear:
"Dutch Dance" (A Wooden Shoe Dance)—*Kinscella.* Listen to the bells in this music.



JACKY FROST

"Oh, do you see," said Jacky Frost,
"That jolly crowd of girls and boys?
I'll take some nips
From their finger tips,
And spoil their fun and noise."

So he took a kiss from the rosy cheeks,
Pinched a finger and then a toe,
But the jolly crowd
Only laughed aloud,
And played the more in the snow.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Jacky Frost," from "Songs for the Little Child"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*

SOLDIER JOHN

John looked at his snow shovel. Then he looked at the boys coasting.

"What is the matter, John?" called his mother, from the kitchen door.

"I can never shovel away all this snow! I am so tired!" said John.

"I would not let that army beat me," said his mother.

"What army?" asked John.

Then he looked all around. But he could not see any army, anywhere.

"The snow is a great army," said

his mother. "It is all dressed in white. It came in the night, and has filled up all our walks. That is its way to keep us shut up in our houses."

"But there is another army. This army goes out to fight the snow, and to drive it off with shovels."

"Oh, I shall join that army!" shouted John, and went to work.

After a while John's mother looked out of the kitchen door again.

John was making a long clean path from the house to the gate.

"Are you tired?" she called.

"Oh, no!" said John "I am a soldier now! I used to get tired. But this is lots of fun."

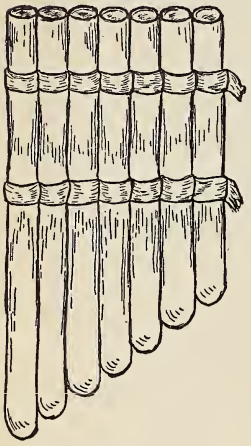
In a little while, John had shoveled the snow off all the walks.

Then he ran to the hill to coast with the other boys.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Sleighing Song"—*Riley-Gaynor.*

THE STORY OF THE FLUTE



This story tells of a boy named Pan. Pan was the god of the fields and of the woods.

Pan was walking, one day, along the bank of a little stream.

As he walked, he passed some reeds which were growing in the water near the banks. He heard the breeze singing as it blew gently over the tops of some reeds that had been broken off.

The soft music made by the little breeze was so sweet that Pan stopped to listen.

"I wish I could take that music with me," he said. "Perhaps if I

broke off some of the reeds, and then blew into them I could make sweet music, too."

So Pan took some of the reeds. He took some short ones and some long ones. Then he tied them together. In this way he made himself a pipe upon which to play as he walked through the woods and the fields.

This pipe was the beginning of the Flute.

Other people, since that day, have made pipes from reeds, or from wood.

After many years, the pipe came to be called a Flute.

—*An Old Legend of Greece.*

QUESTIONS

1. What did Pan hear as he went along?
2. How was the music made?
3. What did he do with the reeds?
4. What was this pipe called?

Music in which a Flute is Heard:
"The Whirlwind"—*Krantz.*

THE WHISTLE TREE*

The whistle tree is growing
In a green and shady nook,
In the low and marshy meadow
Where there flows a silver brook;
You must seek it in the spring-time,
When its leaves are silver gray,
There you'll find the best of whistles
Almost any sunny day.

Then hurrah for the meadow!
Hurrah for the tree!
And hurrah for the whistles
Growing there for you and me!

—*A. W. M.*

QUESTIONS

1. From what tree can you make a whistle?
2. What kind of sound does it make?
3. What other instrument makes the same kind of sound?

Music in which a Piccolo, or little Flute, is Heard:
"Badinage"—*Herbert.*

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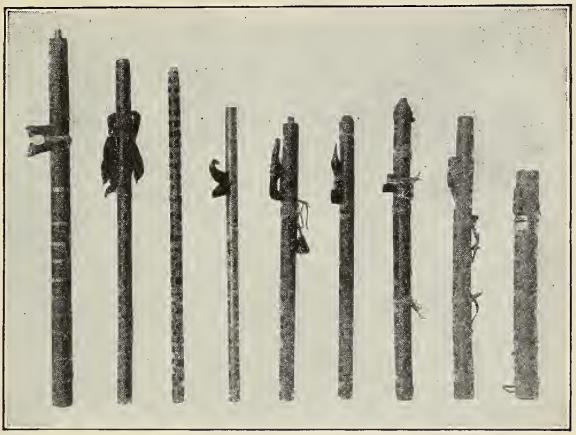


Courtesy Thurlow Lieurance

INDIAN FLUTES

Indian flutes are often made of willow branches. They are usually about one foot long.

The Indian who makes a flute, makes it very much as a boy makes a willow whistle. —*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a Flute?
2. Of what are Indian flutes often made?

Music Played by a Flute:
"Sioux Flute Serenade"—*Skilton.*

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE

First take a willow bough,
Smooth, and round, and dark,
And cut a little ring
Just through the outside bark.

Then tap and rap it gently
With many a pat and pound,
To loosen up the bark
So it may turn around.

Slip the bark carefully,
So that it will not break,
And cut away the inside part,
And then a mouth-piece make.

Now put the bark all nicely back
And in a single minute,
Just put it to your lips,
And blow the whistle in it.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:
"Omaha Indian Game Song"—*Kinscella.*

HOW A FLUTE SAVED WEE LAMB

Once a Wee Lamb thought he was a grown-up sheep and able to take care of himself.

So one night when all the sheep and the lambs started home from the field, Wee Lamb stayed behind.

He kept on eating the sweet green grass all by himself. Soon, it began to get dark.

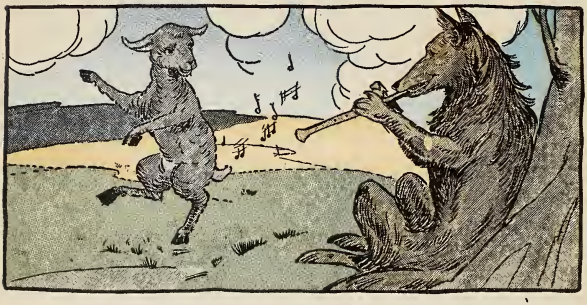
Then Wee Lamb thought of Hungry Wolf.

"Oh, I wish I had gone home with my mother!" said Wee Lamb.

He started to run across the field. When he had gone but a little way, he saw Hungry Wolf behind a bush.

So Wee Lamb knew he was going to be caught and eaten.

Just then he saw a flute lying on the grass. It was a Flute that the



shepherd boy played as he watched the sheep.

"Please, Hungry Wolf," said Wee Lamb, "I know you are going to eat me. But first play me a pretty tune. I want to dance and be merry as long as I can."

Hungry Wolf was not in any hurry, so he said:

"I should like a little music before I eat."

Then he took up the shepherd boy's Flute and began to play a jolly tune.

Wee Lamb began to dance. He danced and danced.

By this time the other sheep were nearly home.

The night was so still, they all heard Hungry Wolf's jolly tune.

The sheep dogs listened.

"That is Hungry Wolf," they said. "That is the tune he always sings before he eats."

Then all the dogs began to run back to the field.

Hungry Wolf saw them coming.

He dropped the Flute in a hurry and ran for the hills.

So Wee Lamb got home safely after all, and never stayed alone in the field any more. —*An Old Legend.*

QUESTIONS

1. What did Hungry Wolf play?
2. Who had been playing the Flute?
3. Why do shepherd boys play the Flute?

Music to Hear:

"The Zoo" (a song about animals), from "Song Primer" by *Alys Bentley.*

"The Music Box"—*Liadow.*

Music in which a Flute is Heard:

Overture, "Semiramide"—*Rossini.*

HIAWATHA AND CHIBIABOS*

Hiawatha, an Indian boy, lived with his grandmother. Their tent was set up on the shores of a large lake.

Hiawatha had many friends. He learned to talk with all the animals, and learned many lessons from them.

He called the Rabbit, Reindeer, Beaver, and Squirrel, his "brothers."

Hiawatha had another friend. This was one of the older Indians. His name was Chibiabos. Chibiabos was a very fine singer.

In this story, Longfellow tells of Chibiabos, and of the fine music that he played on his Indian Flute.

He says, in the story, that Chibiabos was the sweetest of all singers, and the best of all musicians.

The flutes which he played were made from hollow reeds. They gave out music so sweet that even the little

*Pronounced *Chee-bee-ah'-bos.*

brook stopped its murmuring to listen. All the wild birds in the woods stopped their singing to listen.

Everyone became sweet and gentle when they heard him sing.

—*Adapted from Longfellow.*

QUESTIONS

1. What instrument did Chibiabos play?
2. From what were his flutes made?
3. What happened when he played?
4. Look at the picture and tell how the Indian boy is holding his flute.
5. How do flute players hold the flute today?

Music to Hear:

"Then the Little Hiawatha" from "Hiawatha's Childhood"—*Bessie Whiteley.*

"The Squirrel," from "Songs for the Little Child"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*

"The Squirrel," from "One Book Course" —*Chas. A. Fullerton.*

A FIREFLY

Firefly, firefly, bright little thing,
Come light me to bed, and a song I shall sing.
Give me your light, as you fly o'er my head,
That I may joyfully go to my bed.
Give me your light, o'er the grass as you creep,
That I may merrily go to my sleep.
Come, little candle, that flies as I sing,
Bright little fairy bug, night's little king.
Come, and I'll dance, as you guide me along,
Come, and I'll pay you, firefly, with a song.
Firefly, firefly, bright little thing,
Come light me to bed, and a song I shall sing.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:

"Wah-Wah-tay-see" or "Fire-fly Song," from "Hiawatha's Childhood" (cantata by *Bessie Whiteley*). "Wah-wah-tay-see"is the Indian word for firefly. The melody is that of an old Indian Dance Song.

A RAINBOW BRIDGE

A pretty painted bridge
Is built across the sky.
I'd like to walk upon it,
But it's up too high.

It has such pretty colors,
For red, and blue, and green,
Yellow, orange, violet,
And indigo, are seen.

After little raindrops
Have washed clean all the sky,
Then Rainbow shines still brighter.
—I wonder why!

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear or Sing:
"The Rainbow"—*Folk Song.*

HIAWATHA'S LITTLE OWL

It was very dark at night in the big woods by the lake. There Hiawatha lived with his grandmother.

Each night, Hiawatha's grandmother sang him to sleep. Her songs were all about the great forest, and the birds or animals that lived in it.

One song that Hiawatha liked best of all was about the little owl.

"Ewa-Yea" is the Indian name for owlet, or "little owl."

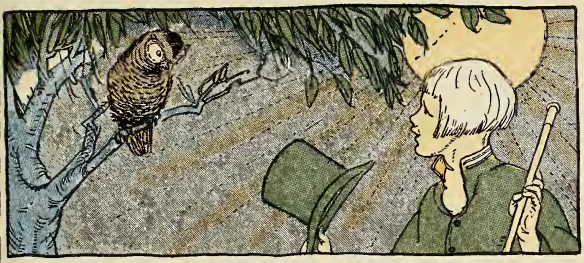
Hiawatha's grandmother often called him her "Ewa-Yea" because he stayed awake so long at night.

—*Adapted from Longfellow.*

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Hiawatha's grandmother sing to him each night?
2. What did her songs tell about?
3. What would you call these songs?

Music to Hear:
"Ewa-Yea!" from "Hiawatha's Childhood"—*Bessie Whiteley.*



A POLITE OWL*

The owl made a bow
As I passed where she sat—
A very small owl—
She bowed this way, and that,
So I lifted my hat.

Did she just bob her head
When the sun hurt her eyes?
So my grandfather said.
But she looked very wise
For an owl of her size.

—*D. H. C. Stone.*

A Song to Sing:
"A Wise Bird"—*Johnstone.*

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THE FOOLISH LITTLE DOGS

FIRST DOG: I am hungry!

SECOND DOG: And I!

ALL THE OTHER DOGS: And I!

FIRST DOG: Let us go down to the river. We may find some food on the river bank. (*They all run down to the river.*)

SECOND DOG: I do not see any food here.

FIRST DOG (*pointing to the bottom of the river*): See! There are some hides in the bottom of the river. The tanner has put them there to soak.

SECOND DOG: But how can we get them? The water in the river is so deep.

ALL OTHER DOGS: What shall we do?

FIRST DOG: I know. We will drink up the river!

ALL: Yes! Yes! We will drink up the river! (*They all run to the edge*

of the river and begin lapping up the water. They drink and drink, Lap! Lap! Lap!)

SECOND DOG (*after a while*): I think I will burst. I can drink no more!

ANOTHER DOG: Neither can I!

ALL: Nor I!

(*They all sit up and look at the river.*)

SECOND DOG: It is just as full as ever!

ALL: Just as full as ever!

WISE FOX (*passing by*): What foolish little dogs to think they could drink up the river!

—*An Old Fable.*

Music to Hear:

"Bow-wow-wow"—*Folk Song.*

"Six Little Puppies," from "Small Songs for Small Singers"—*Veidlinger.*

THE CLARINET

There are more Clarinets in the band than any other instrument. The Clarinet often plays the tune or melody.

The Clarinet is called a wood-wind instrument. This is because it is made of wood, and because the player blows into it, when he wants to play his tunes.

The Clarinet has its mouthpiece at one end. Look at the picture and see how the end of the Clarinet is cut to make it a nice shape for the player to put into his mouth.

—*H. G. K.*

Music in which Clarinets are Heard:
"Waltz"—*Brahms.*

BUNNY RABBIT AND THE TURTLE

BUNNY RABBIT (*coming down the road, hop-pit-ty hop. He meets Old Turtle*): Good morning, Old Turtle.

OLD TURTLE: Good morning, Bunny Rabbit. You seem very gay.

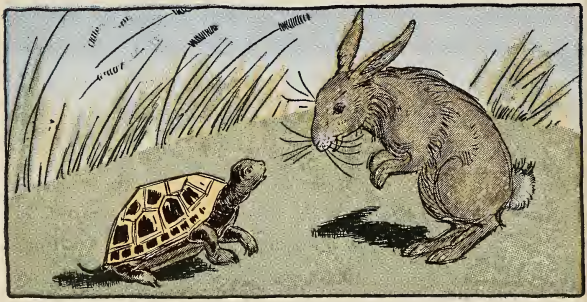
BUNNY RABBIT: Yes, I feel very gay this morning. See how high I can jump! (*He jumps about.*) And I can run very fast, too. (*He sits down and flops his long ears.*)

OLD TURTLE: You hop very nicely, dear Bunny Rabbit. But I can beat you in a race.

BUNNY RABBIT: You cannot beat me. You never get anywhere for you are too slow. You can only creep.

OLD TURTLE: Let us have a race. I shall win it.

BUNNY RABBIT: Oh, how very funny! (*He laughs and laughs, and flops*



his big ears.) We could not have a race. I hop and you creep.

OLD TURTLE: Let us try. We shall see who will get to the river first.

BUNNY RABBIT: It is a long way to the river. I will be there first, Old Turtle. (*He goes off, hop-pit-ty hop.*)

OLD TURTLE: Good-bye, Bunny Rabbit. I will win this race after all (*starting for the river, creep, creep*).

BUNNY RABBIT (*who has hopped almost to the river*): Here is a nice little bush. The turtle will not be here for a long time. I will lie down under this bush and take a nap.

OLD TURTLE (*creeping slowly along. He passes Bunny Rabbit, who is asleep under the tiny bush*): Oh, there you are, Bunny Rabbit. But I will not wake you up! (*He goes on, creep, creep, and soon reaches the river.*)

THE RIVER: Good morning, Turtle. Have you come very far?

OLD TURTLE: Good morning, Pretty River. Yes, I have come a long way. I have been in a race with Bunny Rabbit. He said I could not beat him, but here I am.

BUNNY RABBIT (*coming over the hill, very fast*): Oh, Old Turtle, how did you get here first?

OLD TURTLE: I did not stop and take a nap. I kept on coming, creep, creep, and got here first. I never go to sleep when I am running a race.

—*Æsop's Fable.*

Music to Sing and to Hear:

"The Bunny," from "Songs for the Little Child"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*

THE LITTLE RABBITS*

One little rabbit, *one*
Went out in the field to run.
Two little rabbits, *two*
Said they didn't know what to do.
Three little rabbits, *three*
Said: "Let us climb a tree."
Four little rabbits, *four*
Said: "Let's swing on the old barn door."
Five little rabbits, *five*
Said: "We're glad just to be alive."

*From *St. Nicholas Magazine*, copyright by The Century Company.

Six little rabbits, *six*
Said: "We like to pick up sticks."
Seven little rabbits, *seven*
Said: "We wish we were eleven."
Eight little rabbits, *eight*
Said: "Let us run through the gate!"
Nine little rabbits, *nine*
Said: "Then let us form in line."
Ten little rabbits, *ten*
All got in line—and then—
Was'nt it fun to see them run?

—*Kate N. Mytinger.*

TRACKS IN THE SNOW*

On a clear and frosty morning,
When the snow is soft and white,
You can see the tracks of rabbits
Who went calling through the night.

—*F. H. Swift.*

Music to Sing and to Hear:
"Run, Run, Run."—*Concone.*
"Tracks in the Snow," from "Songs of the Child World"—*Riley-Gaynor.*

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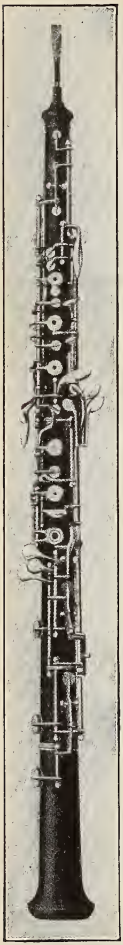


THE OBOE

The Oboe looks very much like a Clarinet. It is a wood-wind instrument, too.

The mouth-piece is made of two tiny, thin pieces of wood, or reed. These two pieces of wood are fastened to the end of the Oboe. The player blows into them when he wants to make music.

Both the Clarinet and the Oboe have many little holes in their sides. The player uses these when he plays.

—*H. G. K.*

Music in which an Oboe is heard :

"Morning"—*Grieg.*

"The First Nowell"—*Old Christmas Carol* (as arranged for Oboe Solo, with orchestral accompaniment).

The teacher should borrow a Flute, Clarinet, and Oboe to show the class. Then have some simple or familiar melody played on all three instruments, one after another, that the class may hear and learn to know the different sounds. The class should be able to recognize instruments by name, appearance, and sound.

THE FAIRIES' CONCERT

Long ago, a band of musical fairies had a party in a beautiful, green meadow, down by the bank of a tiny brook.

The night was dark, but all the little windows of heaven, that people call stars, were open. Little bits of light were shining through.

Then, too, the fireflies were dancing in and out of the tall grass, and they threw the light of their tiny lamps all around.

The first fairy who reached the Green Meadow said to Sweet William, who was standing there,

"We must have some music before we dance."

So Sweet William called all the Musicians to the Green Meadow.

The Chorus of Bells came first.

When they were ready to sing, one

of the fairies stood up in front to lead them.

This fairy held a little reed in her hand. It was a fairy *baton** and looked like a magic wand.

The Bluebells and the Dewbells and the Harebells sang a sweet song together.

After that, Will-o'-the-Wisp sang a solo.

But as Will-o'-the-Wisp flew about all the time he sang, no one was ever near enough to hear much of his song.

*A baton is a little stick of wood which a leader, or conductor, sometimes holds in his hand when he beats time.

The fairies said that they could hardly hear him, at all.

The fairies liked the Chorus of Bells much better, for when the Bells sang, a tinkle, tinkle, could be heard over all the Green Meadow.

Then a Trumpet Flower, from its home on the fence, began to toot, and in a minute, the Rainbow Band was playing.

The party ended with dancing. The fairies and brownies and wee elves danced to the sweet tunes played by the Rainbow Band.

At last the Trumpet Flower put away his horn. The little stars closed their windows. The fireflies went to sleep.

Away to their far-off homes ran the musical fairies.

—*Adapted.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who sang in the Chorus of Bells?
2. Who led them?

3. What did the fairy have in her hand?
4. What kind of music did the bells make?
5. What did the Trumpet Flower play?
6. What other flowers make you think of music?

LOVELY EVENING

Oh, how lovely is the evening,
Is the evening,
Is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing,
Sweetly ringing!
Ding, dong, ding!
Ding, dong, ding!

—*Old Round.*

QUESTIONS

1. Make a picture of a bell.
2. Of what are bells made?
3. Why are bells put in church towers?
4. Why is the music made by bells so sweet?

Music to Hear:
"Tinkling Bells"—*Behr.*
"Legend of the Bells"—*Planquette.*
"Marche Miniature"—*Tschaikowsky.*

THREE SHIPS

I saw three ships a-sailing by,
A-sailing by,
A-sailing by;
I saw three ships a-sailing by
Quite early in the morning.

Now what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then,
Was in them then;
Now what do you think was in them then,
So early in the morning?

Three pretty maids were in them then,
Were in them then,
Were in them then;
Three pretty maids were in them then,
So early in the morning.

One maid could dance, and one could sing,
And one could play the violin;
Such joy there will be when the ships come in
Early in the morning.

—*An Old Rhyme.*

Music to Hear:
"Slumber Boat"—*Gaynor.*
"Boating"—*Kullak.*

THE SEA

There's a White Sea on the map,
And a Red and a Black Sea, too,
But the one I've seen
Is sometimes green,
And sometimes it is blue.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear and to Sing:
"Skye Boat Song"—*Old Highland Rowing Song.*
"Row, Row, Row Your Boat"—*Old Round.*

A MAYPOLE GAME

Maypole games were first played, many years ago, in England.

The English boys and girls used to make gay Maypoles for every May Day. They would set them in the ground and dance around them on the grass.

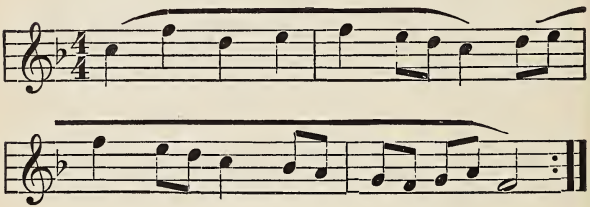
In the early days May Day was not always the first day of May as we have it now. The first warm, sunny day of spring was then called May Day.

For a Maypole they would use a tall, wooden pole which they set in a hole dug in the ground. They then fastened ribbons, or streamers of colored cloth, to the top of the pole. A crown of flowers was sometimes placed right at the top of the pole.

Eight or twelve boys and girls—sometimes more—would take turns wind-

ing ribbons around the pole, when it was all ready. All the other boys and girls would then sing the prettiest songs they knew. What fun they used to have!

Here is the tune of the old Maypole dance:

OLD ENGLISH MAYPOLE DANCE

—Old English Game.

QUESTIONS

1. Where were Maypole games first played?
2. When were these games played?
3. How do you play the Maypole game?
4. Hum the tune of the old Maypole dance.

Music to Sing and to Keep Time With in Winding Ribbons around a Maypole:

"Old English Maypole Dance" (Bluff King Hal)—*English Folk Dance.*

THE MAYPOLE DANCE

Dance about the Maypole gay,
Swiftly run all through the day;
Wind the ribbons in and out
With many a merry shout.

Maypole dancing is such fun:
A sign that Spring is just begun.

Ribbons white and ribbons blue,
Ribbons yellow—pink ones, too;
In and out, above, below,
As 'round the Pole we dancing go.

Maypole dancing is *such* fun!
A sign that Spring is just begun.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What do children wind around the Maypole?
2. Why do they dance?
3. Why is it easier to dance with music than without music?

Music for a Maypole Dance:
"Ribbon Dance"—*Old English Country Dance.*

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE KITE

A pretty butterfly once wished that it could fly high into the sky.

One day, it saw a kite fly far up into the clouds.

The kite played with the wind and looked up at the sun. Then it looked toward the earth and saw the butterfly far below.

"Look at me!" cried the kite. "See how high I am in the sky! I can see far, far away. Maybe I shall soon be able to reach the sun.

"Don't you wish, Butterfly, that you were a kite? Then you could fly with me."

"Oh, no!" answered the butterfly, as it noticed a long

string which a boy was holding in his hand.

"I may not be able to fly very high, like you, but I can go just where I please."

"You can fly very high, but you are always tied to a string!"

—*Old Russian Fable.*

Music to Sing:

"The Butterfly," from "Songs for the Little Child"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*

THE BROOK

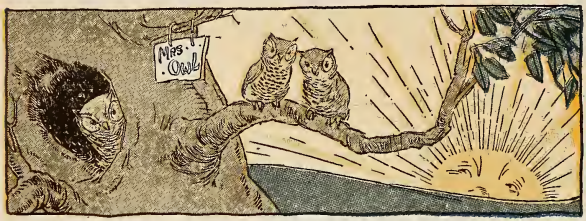
The brook on its way to the ocean,
Singing, the whole day long,
Should teach us a lesson of work and joy,
With our task, to sing a wee song.

—*E. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"The Brooklet"—*Franz Schubert.*

"At the Brook"—*Boisdeffre.* The Harp imitates the rippling of the water in the little brook.



TWO LITTLE OWLS

Flossy and Fluffy were two young owls.

They lived in a hole in a big tree.

They played all night. They flew in and out of the tree and hooted to each other.

One morning Mother Owl said to them,

"Come, children, it is time to go to bed. The fireflies have put out their lights, and you are sleepy."

The two little owls began to cry:

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

They cried so loudly that even the moon heard them.

"Oh, Mother, please let me stay up a little longer," said Fluffy.

"Just a little longer," said Flossy.

"Now children, I am going to bed," said Mother Owl.

"If you do not come in now, the cat may get you."

Then Mother Owl went to bed.

But Flossy and Fluffy stayed outside the hole. They sat on a branch and looked about.

First they saw the great stars peeking at them through the leaves. Then the sky began to be colored.

"How light it is!" said Flossy.

"I can not see anything," said Fluffy.

The two little owls winked and blinked their eyes, and rubbed them with their tiny wings.

All at once they saw a great round red ball in the sky.

It seemed to be coming straight

toward them. Then it turned into a ball of fire.

In less than a minute both Flossy and Fluffy jumped into the big black hole where Mother Owl was asleep.

"Oh, Mother," said both little owls. "There is a red giant out there!"

And after that Flossy and Fluffy always went to bed when Mother Owl told them.

—*Adapted from "The Youth's Companion."*

Music to Sing and to Hear:
"The Owl," from "Songs of the Child World"—*Riley-Gaynor.*

THE WEATHER

The south wind brings wet weather,
The north wind wet and cold together;
The west wind always brings us rain,
The east wind blows it back again.

—*Old English Rhyme.*

THE WISE KING AND THE BEE

At one time a very wise king lived in a land far over the sea.

One day a friend came to see the king.

"I hear that you are very wise," said the friend to the king. "I want you to answer some questions for me."

So the friend asked many questions and the king answered them all.

"I will ask you only one more question. If you can answer it I shall be sure that you are the wisest king in all the world," said the friend.

Then he laid two beautiful flowers on a table before the king.

"Here are two flowers," said he. "One is a real flower. The other flower is not real, but is made out of wax. Which is the real flower?"

The wise king looked at the two flowers. They were so much alike

that he could not tell which one was real and which one was made out of wax.

"Bring in some bees. Then I shall answer your question," said the king.

When the friend brought the bees, one of them flew to one of the two flowers on the table.

"That," said the wise king, "is the real flower. The little bee has told me."

—Old Nature Fable.

Music to hear:
"The Bee," from "Song Primer"—*Alys Bentley.*

THE SONG OF THE BEE

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are all yellow,
This jolly good fellow,
A very hard worker is he.

—Old Jingle.

Music to Hear:
"The Bee"—*François Schubert.*

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

There was once an old shoemaker who was very poor.

He could earn only enough money to buy food for his wife and small children.

At last the shoemaker became so poor that he could not buy any more leather.

One night he said to his wife, "I have just enough leather left to make one more pair of shoes."

"I shall cut the shoes out to-night," he said. "In the morning I will sew them up, and sell them. Then we will buy some food."

So the shoemaker cut out the shoes. Then he went to bed and to sleep.

In the morning, there stood the shoes on the table. They were all sewed and ready to sell.

"Did you sew these shoes?" asked the shoemaker.

"No, I did not sew them," said the wife.

Soon, a rich man came in and bought the shoes. So the shoemaker and his wife and children had good food to eat.

They had money enough left to buy some more leather.

"I shall cut out two pairs of shoes to-night," said the shoemaker. "Then I will sew them in the morning."

So he cut out the two pairs of shoes. Then he went to bed.

In the morning, there stood the two pairs of shoes on the table. They were all sewed and ready to sell.

"Did you sew these shoes?" asked the shoemaker.

"No, I did not sew them," said his wife.

Each night, for a week, the shoemaker cut out the leather into shoes ready to be sewed up.

Each morning, when he woke up, he found it sewed into shoes and ready to sell.

"Who do you think is helping me?" he asked his wife.

"I think it is the little elves," said she.

"Let us sit up to-night," said the shoemaker, "and watch. We will see who it is who comes to do my work for me."

So the shoemaker and his wife sat up that night.

They left a candle burning in the room. Then they hid behind a curtain.

When the clock struck twelve, the door opened.

In came a band of tiny elves. They hopped up onto the table and began to sew.

They put in the nails with their tiny hammers.

Rap-a-tap-tap!
Rap-a-tap-tap!

went the tiny hammers.

Soon the shoes were done and the elves ran away.

Then the shoemaker and his wife came out from behind the curtain.

"I shall make a present for the kind elves," said the shoemaker's wife.

So all next day she sewed and sewed.

When night came, she laid many new suits of tiny clothes on the table.

There was a new suit or a new dress for each little elf.

Then the shoemaker and his wife hid behind the curtain again.

When the clock struck twelve, the door opened, just as it had the night before.

In came the band of tiny elves.

They hopped up onto the table.

"Oh, see what I have found!" said one little elf.

"And I!" said another.

"And I!"

"And I!"

In a minute each little elf had on a new suit or a new dress.

"Tune up your fiddle," said one elf to a tiny fiddler who was with them.

In a wink of an eye, the tiny fiddler had his violin ready.

Then he played.

All night long the happy elves danced and skipped about.

When the sun began to rise, the old rooster out in the yard began to sing as loud as he could.

Then the little elves danced out of the door and over the grass.

The shoemaker never saw them again, but he and his wife never forgot them as long as they lived.

—*A Folk Tale of Holland.*

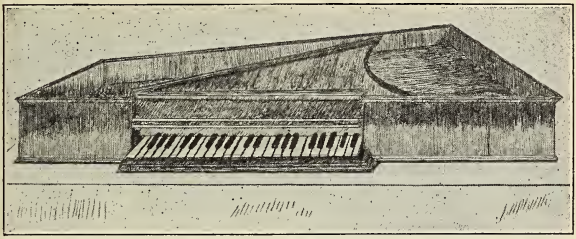
QUESTIONS

1. What instrument did the elves play after they found their new suits?
2. How did they spend the rest of the night?
3. What is the other name for "fiddle"?

Music to Hear:

"Dance of the Elves" ("Elfenspeil")—*Kjerulf* (Kyer'-oolf).

"Little Shoemaker"—*Gaynor.*



THE SPINET

The Spinet was first used many, many years ago, but is no longer played. It was a small instrument, which had a very sweet sound.

The Spinet was one of the first instruments which had keys upon which to play. Before keys were made, the players had to strike the wires with little hammers, or play them with their fingers. The harp is still played with the fingers.

A man who lived in Italy, whose name was Spinnetti, was the first to use keys on an instrument. So the in-

strument he made was called a Spinet.

If you look inside a piano you will see that there are three wire strings which lead to each key.

The Spinet had only one wire leading to each key. That is one reason why the music played on the Spinet was always so soft and sweet.

The Spinet did not stand on legs, but was so small that it could be carried from one room to another. When anyone wanted to play upon it, it was laid on a table.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. In what country was the first spinet made?
2. Who made it? How was it played?
3. What did players use before keys were made?
4. Tell in what ways the Spinet is not the same as a piano.
5. What kind of music did the Spinet make?

Music to Hear:

"Green Sleeves"—*Old English Folk Dance.* This music was often played on a Spinet in olden days.

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HANDEL AND THE SPINET

George Frederick Handel was born in a little town in Germany.

George Frederick's father was a doctor. He wanted his little boy to be a fine lawyer when he grew up.

But George Frederick did not want to be a lawyer. All he cared about was music.

George Frederick's father did not like music. He thought, "If I do not let little George have an instrument in the house he will forget about music, and will be a lawyer after all."

But George Frederick did not stop thinking about the music he loved so well. He and his aunt carried an old spinet into the attic where he slept.

Then when all were asleep at night, he played very softly upon his spinet by the light of the moon.

One night as he was playing, his father happened to wake up. He heard sweet music coming from the upper part of the house.

He woke up all the family, and they went upstairs on tiptoe, to see who was playing.

How surprised they all were when they opened the attic door to find that it was George Frederick!

After that, the spinet was brought

down-stairs into the parlor. George Frederick's father let him have music lessons also, so that he would learn to play in the right way.

So, while still a very small boy, he learned to play the organ, the violin, the oboe, and the harpsichord—another instrument something like the piano.

When he grew up, George Frederick Handel wrote much beautiful music for other people to play and sing.

One piece of music that he wrote, which all boys and girls love to hear, is called "Sweet Bird." In it we can hear a little visit which a pipe, or flute, played by a little shepherd boy, is having with a real bird.

In the music of "Sweet Bird," the oboe "sings" the music played by the little shepherd boy on his shepherd pipe, and the flute imitates the bird's voice.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Where was George Frederick Handel born?
2. What did his father want him to be?
3. On what instrument did Handel practice?
4. Why did he practice at night?
5. How did Handel's father help him?
6. What other instruments did Handel play?
7. Tell one piece of music which he wrote.
8. What instrument sounds most like a bird?

Music to Hear:
"Pastoral Symphony"—*George Frederick Handel.*

PUSSY WILLOW

Guess what Spring has brought me!
If you look
At the willows growing
Near the brook,
You'll see tiny pussies,
Soft and gray,
On the willow branches,
Swing and sway.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear and to Sing:
"Pussy Willow," from "Songs for the Little Child"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*
"Return of Spring"—*Robert Schumann.*

A CHINESE BOY'S GARDEN

Once, in the far-off land of China, there lived a small boy who was very poor. This Chinese boy's father and mother were dead. All that he had in the world was a small piece of stony ground.

But the piece of ground did not help him. Nothing would grow on it because of the many stones.

"What shall I do?" said the boy to himself. "I have nothing that is pretty, and I never have anything to give to my friends."

One day he wandered away from his home. He walked for many miles, and slept, that night, by the side of a little lake. There he had a strange dream.

As he slept, a fairy, dressed all in snowy white robes, floated down and stood beside him.

"Wake up, dear boy," it said to him. "I have come to give you a present. You are now in fairy-land. Look at the pretty flowers all about you. Dig up some of these flowers and take them back to your stony garden. Plant and care for them, and they will all grow."

Then the Chinese boy woke up.

"What a nice dream!" he said.

But when he looked about him he was much surprised. All the ground at the edge of the lake was covered with pretty white flowers.

"Oh, see the pretty white flowers!" he said. "They are so white they look as though they were made of paper. They must be fairy blossoms. I will take some of them home with me."

He made a basket out of rushes that grew at the edge of the water.

Then he took up some of the little

green plants. They had round roots that looked like onions. These roots were called bulbs.

When he had his basket filled with the plants, the Chinese boy started for home. When he reached his home, he set the plants out in his stony garden, and watched and watered them each day.

On the morning of New Year's Day,

the white blossoms on the green plants all opened.

How happy the little boy was! All his friends came to see his garden. To each boy or girl who came, he gave a tiny plant to take home.

Soon all the gardens in the land were filled with the tall white blossoms. When the wind blew, they would all bow their heads, up and down.

All this was many years ago. But even now, in the gardens of China, there blossom, each New Year's Day, the Chinese paper lilies. The Chinese boys and girls give them to their friends on that day, as presents, and tell again the story of the boy of long ago, who brought the first flowers to China from the land of the fairies.

—*An Old Legend of China.*

Music to Hear:

"Narcissus"— *Ethelbert Nevin.*

"Narcissus" is another name by which the Chinese paper lily is often called. When you listen to this music, try to hear the parts that tell of the blowing of the wind, and the swaying and bowing of the pretty flowers.

A CHINESE GAME

"How would you like to play a new game?" asked Tommy's father.

"Oh, that would be fun!" said all the boys and girls together. "Please tell us about it!"

"This game is one that is often played by the little boys and girls who live in China, way over the sea. The name of the game is 'Dumb Instruments.' But you must first choose a leader."

"Jack shall be the leader," said Tommy to his father.

"Very well," said his father. "Then Jack shall play the drum, which is the most important instrument in this game."

"Ruth, who sits beside Jack, shall play the horn, and Peter, who sits next, shall play the cymbals. Each of you must choose an instrument which

you will imitate. You will imitate the sound and the way it is played."

So each of the children chose an instrument. Then they began to play. Such a noise as they did make!

After they had played this way for a little while, Jack, who had played the drum, gave a sign that they were all to stop.

"I shall now pass my drum to 'Mr. Ling'," he said with a bow, pretending to hand a drum over to Carl.

Then Carl, the new leader, who now had the make-believe drum, began to beat it. All the other boys and girls traded make-believe instruments, and began again. Each boy or girl tried to play his horn, or whatever his instrument happened to be, as it should be played.

After each boy or girl had been leader, they all pretended to put away their instruments, just as the chil-

dren in China do whenever they play "Dumb Instruments."

—*A True Story.*

QUESTIONS

1. How is the game of "Dumb Instruments" played?
2. Why is a leader needed?
3. What instruments can be played in this game?
4. Why is it a good thing to change make-believe instruments?

SOMETHING TO DO

It will be great fun to keep time to real music with the make-believe horns, drums, violins, and flutes, when playing "Dumb Instruments." Sometimes you can play it without making a sound. Just hold the make-believe instruments as they should be held if you were really playing them, and pretend to play them. In our country, this is sometimes called "Playing Orchestra."

Music to Listen to while playing "Dumb Instruments":
"La Secret"— *Gauthier.*
Songs about a little Chinese boy:
"Wing Foo," from "Song Primer"—*Alys Bentley.*
"The Feast of Lanterns"—*Elliott.*

HOW THE NIGHTINGALE GOT ITS VOICE OF GOLD

Long ago, when the earth was very young, all the birds were of the same color.

Then, one day, the Creator called them all to him. He dipped his brush into magic paint, and gave each bird a color of its own.

So it came about that Blue Jay got a bright blue uniform.

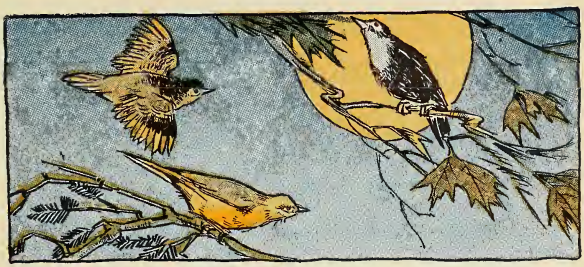
The Blackbird came back from the meeting of the birds dressed in shining black.

Oriole came away with a bright orange dress.

Each of the birds was happy and pleased with its new colors.

On the way home, Oriole met Little Nightingale.

"Why are you still in your old brown dress?" Oriole asked Little Nightingale. "Why did you not come



to the meeting of the birds? You should have been there, for we were each given a new and beautiful dress."

"I did not hear of the meeting. Will there be any colors left for me?" said Little Nightingale.

And with that the little brown bird began to fly, and never stopped until he had reached the Creator's side.

"Please forgive me for not coming sooner," said Nightingale. "But I did not hear when you called. Now I may be too late to get a new dress."

It was true. The Creator had used all the colors.

Little Nightingale felt very sorry. Now he must spend all his life in his dull brown dress, while the other birds had clothes of gay colors.

"Do not cry, dear Nightingale," said the Creator. "I will not give you a dress of colors, but I will touch your tongue with my brush. You shall then have a voice of gold. When it is night, and dark, and the other birds can be seen no longer, your golden voice can still be heard singing. This is my gift to you."

So Little Nightingale flew away happy after all. He still sings at night. When all the other birds have hidden away their gay dresses in their nests, his golden voice still sounds through all the woods.

—*Old Legend of Roumania.*

QUESTIONS

1. For what is the nightingale famous?
2. When does he sing?

3. What kind of voice has the nightingale?

4. Why can the nightingale be heard easily at night?

5. Do we have the nightingale in America?

Music to Hear:
"Song of a Real Nightingale" (see page 176).
"Nightingale Song"—*Zeller.*
"Sweet Nightingale"—*Old English.*
"Warblings at Eve"—*Richards.*

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT*

Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Preaches today,
Under the green trees,
Just over the way.

Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Music to Hear:
"Jack in the Pulpit," from "One Book Course"—*Chas. A. Fullerton.*

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A GREAT DREAM

In this dream story, a man named Christian went on a long journey. His friend Hopeful went with him, and they walked together for many days.

At last they came near to the Gates of Heaven.

Just before Christian and Hopeful reached Heaven, they had to cross a wide, deep river. But they were not afraid. This was because they could see the golden Gates of Heaven, just across the river.

This story tells what happened to Christian and his friend when they had crossed the river.

A GREAT DREAM

I saw in my dream, that Christian and Hopeful had come up out of the river. Two Shining Angels met them

at the bank of the river, and all four went walking together towards the great gate.

The City of Heaven stood upon a very high hill. But Christian and Hopeful climbed the hill very easily. This was because the Shining Angels led them and helped them all the way.

So they went up very quickly, though the city was higher than the clouds. They talked sweetly as they went, for Christian and Hopeful were both very happy. They had crossed the river safely and were being led by the beautiful Shining Angels.

The Shining Angels talked to them on the way up the hill, and told them about the beautiful city to which they were going.

"You are now coming," they said, "to the City of Heaven. There you shall be given rich robes to wear, and there you shall see the King."

As they were coming close to the gate, many people came out from the city to meet them. And the two Shining Angels said to the people, "These are the men that have loved our King. He has sent us to meet them, and we have brought them this far on their way to the City of Heaven."

Then there was a great shout of welcome. After that, the King's trumpeters played music, loud and sweet. And the people who had come to meet them, turned about, and went back with Christian and Hopeful towards the gate.

But before they quite reached it, Christian and Hopeful heard the sweet music of silver bells, ringing within the city walls to welcome them.

And so they walked on. When they came at last to the gate, there stood a watchman.

"Who are you," said the watchman, "who come to the gate of the City of Heaven?"

"These are Christian and Hopeful," answered a Shining Angel for them. "They have come on a long journey, that they may show the love they have for the King of the City of Heaven."

Then Christian and Hopeful went in at the golden gate.

And I heard all the bells in the city ring out, for joy. I heard a voice sweeter than any other in the world, say unto them, "Enter Ye!"

Then did I awake from my sleep, and behold!—It was but a beautiful dream.

Retold from "Pilgrim's Progress."

Music to Hear:

"He Shall Feed His Flock," from Handel's "Messiah."

Try sometime to read all the story of "Pilgrim's Progress." This is a very old story. It was written in a prison, in England, nearly three hundred years ago. It was first printed in 1677.

SPRING VOICES*

"Shall I sing?" says the Lark,
"Shall I bloom?" says the Flower;
"Shall I come?" says the Sun,
"Or shall I?" says the Shower.

Sing your song, pretty Bird.
Roses, bloom for an hour!
Shine on, dearest Sun.
Go away, naughty Shower!

—*Kate Greenaway.*

A RHYME OF SPRING

March winds,
April showers;
May buds,
June flowers!

—*Old Rhyme.*

Music to Hear:
"Spring Song"—*Mendelssohn.*
"Now It Is Spring"—*Folk Song.*

*By the courteous permission of Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

FIRST FARMER:

Little Boy Blue,
Come, blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.

SECOND FARMER:

Where is the boy
Who looks after the sheep?

FIRST FARMER:

He's under the hay-cock,
Fast asleep!

—Mother Goose Rhyme.

A Song to Sing:
"Little Boy Blue"— *Gaynor.*

AN OLD RHYME

Oats, pease, beans and barley grow,
Oats, pease, beans and barley grow,
Do you or I or anyone know
How oats, pease, beans and barley grow?

Thus the farmer sows his seed,
Thus he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his foot
And claps his hands;
Then turns around
And looks at his lands.

Oats, pease, beans and barley grow,
Oats, pease, beans and barley grow,
Do you or I or anyone know
How oats, pease, beans and barley grow?

—*Old Folk Song.*

Music to Hear or to Play the Game With:

"Oats, Pease, Beans and Barley Grow"—*Folk Song.*

You may try acting out the middle verse of this old song, or game. Join hands with the boys or girls next to you at the end of the verse, and run around in a circle. Someone else may be the "Farmer" next time the verse is sung.

THE SONG OF A MEADOW LARK

"Oh, hear the bird music!" said Mary, one morning, as she and her big brother started across the meadow on their way to school. "How pretty it sounds!"

"Yes, it is pretty," said John. "That is a meadow lark singing. If we watch, we may be able to find its nest."

"But there are no trees here," said Mary.

"Larks do not build their nests in trees," answered her brother. "They build their nests in the tall grass."

"I never knew that. Tell me more," cried Mary eagerly.

So while John and Mary walked across the meadow, John told his little sister about larks. All the time the meadow lark kept up its sweet singing. It flew from one post to

another, keeping ahead of the children as they walked.

"The lark is going across the meadow with us because it does not want us to find its nest," said John. "The nest is probably built in some of the tall grass near the fence, on the other side of the meadow. You can always know the meadow lark by its brown coat and its yellow breast."

"Are there other kinds of larks?" asked Mary.

"Yes," answered John. "There is the skylark, which is famous in England. It is called a "skylark" because it always sings its sweetest songs while high up in the sky. The skylark is one of the sweetest singers of all the birds. Its feather coat is lighter than that of the meadow lark."

"The skylark always sings when it is flying high in the air, or when it is standing on some high pole or fence.

It never sings when it is near the nest. In that way no one can find the nest, and break the eggs or hurt the young larks."

"There goes the meadow lark along the fence," said Mary.

"Yes. A lark never hops, as some birds do, but runs along on the ground, or on the fence."

"What a long hind toe it has!" said Mary, as they came up very close to the singing bird.

"That toe is called a lark's spur," said John. "Sometimes the larks find that the grass near their nest is going to be cut by the farmer. Then the

old larks hurry to make a new nest on the other side of the fence. When the new nest is ready, the father lark picks up each small egg in his claw. He holds it tightly with his long hind toe while he moves it into the new nest."

"What a wise bird the lark is!" said Mary.

Just then the two children came to the end of the meadow. The meadow lark flew to a fence post just ahead of them. There he stood and sang his happy song again.

"Goodbye, Meadow Lark!" called Mary. "We liked your song. Now we are out of the meadow. You can fly back to your children."

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Where does the meadow lark sing?
2. Why is the English lark called the skylark?

Music to Hear:

"Song of a Meadow Lark"—*Charles Kellogg.*
"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark"—*Shakespeare-Bishop.*
"Morning Song"—*Grieg.*

THE LITTLE SINGER*

There's a funny little fellow
In a coat as black as jet,
And he lives down in the meadow
in the grass;
And if the day be pleasant,
Or if the day be wet,
You will hear him singing
as you pass.

So when the summer's ended,
And the days are dark and cold,
While close you sit beside the glowing
fire,
From a corner, dark and hidden,
You will hear the cricket bold,
Still chirp his song and never
seem to tire.

—*Agnes Lewis Mitchell.*

Music to Hear:
"Song of the Cricket"—*Grant-Schaefer.*

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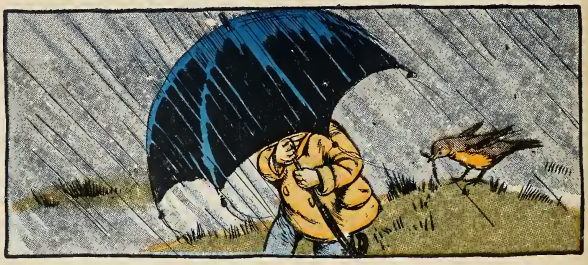

THE SHOWER

This is the way
The rain comes down,
    Tinkle, tinkle,
    Drop by drop,
Over roof and chimney top,
    Boughs that bend,
    And skies that frown.
This is the way
The rain comes down.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear and to Sing:
"Raindrops"—*Folk Air.*

THE STORY OF A TOY ORCHESTRA

In a little village in Austria, there once lived a boy named Joseph Haydn. Joseph's father and mother were very poor. That did not keep them from loving good music and from being very happy all the time.

Joseph's father was a maker of wheels, and worked hard all the week at his trade.

When Sunday came, however, the little family had a happy time. The mother had a very sweet voice and the father played a harp. So, with Joseph's help on the violin, the family would play and sing much beautiful music. Sometimes they would play and sing while sitting on their front porch, so that the neighbors might enjoy the music, too.

After many years, Joseph became

a great musician, and played in great orchestras.

Finally he was made the leader, or conductor, of a wonderful orchestra which played for a Prince. This orchestra played at the Prince's Castle each day. It often seemed like a fairy tale to Joseph when he remembered his old home in the little village.

In those days, it was not always easy to have new pieces of music, as music was copied by hand, instead of being printed. So Joseph Haydn, himself, composed much music for the men in his orchestra to play.

One day he wrote some new music for his orchestra. Instead of having the men play on their own instruments, this time, he had them play toys.

He called this his "Toy Symphony." Not only the men in the orchestra, but the Prince and his family, and their friends, all enjoyed the musical joke.

When Haydn was writing this music he wrote some real music for the piano, for the violin, and for the flute. All the rest of the music was played with toys. He tried to think of the toys with which he had played when he was little, so he could write a "part" for each of them.

Then Haydn remembered that one of the things he loved best, when he was a little boy, was the cuckoo which often sang in the woods by his father's house. So he wrote a "part" for a cuckoo, and a "part" for a bob-white, and still another "part" for a nightingale. The nightingale used to sing so beautifully in the woods beside his house each night, when he was a little boy.

Some time, perhaps, you will hear an orchestra play Haydn's "Toy Symphony," or, better still, help play it, yourself. —*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What instrument did Joseph play?
2. What did Joseph do when he grew up?
3. Name the music he wrote for his orchestra.
4. What instruments did the men use?
5. What birds did he imitate in the music?

Music to Hear:
"Toy Symphony"—*Joseph Haydn.* This music is written in three divisions, or "movements." Listen for the drums, bells, the nightingale, and cuckoo, in each part, or movement.

THE CHEERFUL SUNBEAM

One day a sunbeam met a cloud;
'Twas in the month of May.
Frowning, the cloud said angrily,
"You're always in the way."

The sunbeam smiled and said, "My dear,
Why can't we work together?
The flowers need us both, you know,
Sunshine, and rainy weather."

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:
"Sunshine Song" (Solvejg's Song)—*Grieg.*

FINGER-NAIL MOON*

Little Moon, little Moon,
Delicate and white,
You are like the finger-nail
Of an Angel bright.

You alone are plain and clear,
Him I cannot see,
Stretching out his tender hand
Over land and sea.

Little Moon, little Moon,
When you are not there,
Then I know the Angel's hands
Must be clasped in prayer.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

Music to Hear:
"Sweet and Low"—*Barnby.*

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AT THE WINDOW

In and out, in and out,
Through the clouds heaped about,
Wanders the bright moon.

What she seeks, I do not know.
Where it is, I cannot show.
I am but a little child,
And the night is strange and wild.

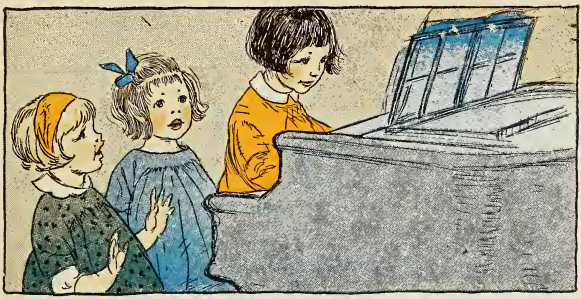
In and out, in and out,
Wanders the bright moon.
In and out, in and out,
She will find it soon.

There she comes! as clear as day,—
Now the clouds are going away.
She is smiling, I can see,
And she's looking straight at me.

Pretty moon, so bright and round,
Won't you tell me what you found?

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:
"Evening Song"—*Schumann.*
"Cradle Song"—*Alys Bentley.*



THE PIANOFORTE*

The Pianoforte is an instrument upon which much beautiful music may be played.

The first Pianoforte was made in a land named Italy, way over the sea.

In that land the word *piano* means soft, and the word *forte* means loud.

The man who made the first Pianoforte gave it this name because both loud and soft music could be played upon it.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Lightly Row"—*Folk Song.*
Air from "Harmonious Blacksmith"—*Handel.*
"Minuet in G"—*Bach.*

*Pe-yahn'-o-fort.

THE FIRST HARP

Many, many years ago, a little shepherd boy was walking along the bank of the Nile River, in the land of Egypt.

As the boy walked along, his foot hit against a shell that lay on the river bank. The shell gave out such a sweet sound that the shepherd boy stopped and picked it up.

But all he saw was the empty shell of a tortoise, or kind of turtle. The turtle had gone, and nothing was left in the shell but a few dried strings, stretched across the edges.

The shepherd boy struck the dried strings with his fingers, and again heard the sweet music.

All the other boys and girls who lived near him saw what he had found. When they heard the music made on the strings, they all hurried to the river to see if they could find some shells.

After this, people began to make instruments of the same kind. Sometimes they would stretch strings over a piece of wood. They called such an instrument, a "lyre."

In Greece, a country not far from Egypt, the boys and girls hung their little stringed instruments, that they had made by hand, in the trees. Then when the wind blew through them, they made sweet music. They called these their wind harps.

Shepherds in many lands played upon the harp as they watched their flocks.

For hundreds of years, the harp had

only a few strings, and could play but a few different notes.

Now the harp is a big instrument, and can play very high or very low notes.

Much beautiful music is written for the harp. People love to play on it, and to hear it played.

One day, someone thought of laying the harp on its back and fitting keys to it. Then it became our wonderful grand piano.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What was the first harp?
2. What was a "lyre"?
3. How did the boys and girls of Greece make sweet music?
4. What did they call these "instruments"?
5. What was the new instrument called when the harp was laid on its back and fitted with keys?

Music in which a Harp is Heard:
"Overture" from "Mignon"—*Thomas.*
"Autumn"—*Thomas.*

RAIN MUSIC

The tiny lines of falling rain
Play tunes upon my window pane.
They run, so lightly, down the scale,
Then hop upon the sill.

Then other lines, as thin and small,
Come hurrying down; they gently fall
Against the pane, and play their tune,
Then dance upon their way.

These tiny strings of falling rain
That sing across my window pane,
Are like the strings of golden harps—
Each sings a dainty song.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. How does the rain make music?
2. What are the strings of rain like?
3. What does each one sing?

Music to Hear:
"Herd Girl's Dream"—*Labitzky* (listen to the Harp).
"Happy Days"—*Strelezki.*

DAVID AND HIS HARP

There was once a shepherd boy whose name was David.

His father owned a large number of sheep, which grazed on the hillsides of the Holy Land.

It was the work of David and his seven older brothers to look after these sheep. They watched both by day and by night and were away from home for weeks at a time.

As David watched the sheep, he played on a little harp and sang. In this way time passed quickly.

Very often, David had to fight wild animals when they tried to eat his little lambs. At one time, when he was playing on his harp, a bear ran away with one of the lambs.

David ran after the bear and killed it. Another time, a lion ran away with one of the lambs but David caught the lion and killed it.

One day, a man came and asked David to go to the palace to sing.

So David took his harp and played and sang for King Saul. King Saul was very pleased with David and asked him to come again.

After a while, the King said, "Dear David, I should like you to stay with me always!"

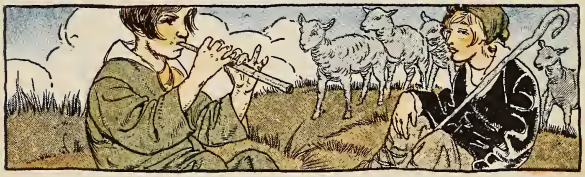
So David lived at the palace where he played and sang sweet songs every day. These songs were about sheep and shepherds. When David grew older, he too became king.

—*Retold from the Bible.*

QUESTIONS

1. What instrument did David play as he watched the sheep?
2. What other instrument did shepherd boys use?
3. Why did King Saul ask David to come and live at the palace?
4. About what did David sing and play?

Music in which a Harp is Heard:
"Canzonetta"—*Gaspari.*



THE FIRST CONCERT

Many long years ago, a shepherd in a far-off land found a reed and blew upon it.

He made sounds so sweet that the other shepherds forgot their sheep, and came to listen to him.

Soon they said to each other, "Our friend makes such pretty music with his pipe, why should he use his time watching the sheep? We will take care of his flock, and he shall play for us on his pipe, all day."

After a while, all the shepherds in the land heard of the fine music. They all came to hear him play. With them came shoemakers, and men who

made baskets, and men who made pots and dishes.

They all listened to his piping for many days, and then went home to their work much happier.

Then the King heard of the piper. He asked the piper to come to the palace and play for him.

So the piper went to the palace and played for the King and all his friends.

That was the first Concert.

The King was so pleased with the music that he asked the shepherd to live in the palace. He then made him his Court Musician.

—An Old Russian Legend.

QUESTIONS

1. With what did the shepherd make music?
2. What kind of instrument was this?
3. How did the first concert come about?
4. What did the shepherd become?

Music to Hear:

"Melody in F"—*Anton Rubinstein.* This is a piece of music from Russia.

THE MAGIC HARP OF DAGDA

In the old countries of Europe there are to be heard many strange old legends.

So it is that in Ireland, the boys and girls have always been told the legend of the Magic Harp of Dagda.

Ireland is a very old land, and in it once lived both giants and fairies.

In the days of long ago there were two kinds of people living in the land. In the north of Ireland, there lived a race of men and women who had dark hair and dark eyes. In the south part of Ireland, the people had golden hair and blue eyes. These men and women were called the "Golden People." They had a chief whose name was Dagda, and it is of Dagda and his harp that the old story is told.

Dagda had a very wonderful harp. It was so beautiful that people, all

over the land, heard of it. It was large, and was made of rich wood upon which were many strange carvings. The music which came from its strings was so good that those who heard it said that it was filled with magic.

Dagda was the greatest player in the land, and he often told his people of the power of beautiful music.

"Music hath such a magic power," he said to them, "that it can make the roughest soldiers obey its will."

Not long after Dagda, the chief of the "Golden People," had said this, the people of the North made war on the people of the South. So Dagda sang a war song, the harp was hung on the castle wall, and he and his men rode forth to battle.

While he was away, one of the enemy came to Dagda's castle and stole the magic harp from the wall.

"Now that we have the magic harp," said he, "it may be that we shall have Dagda's magic power also."

Away he rode to his own castle. That evening the people of the North held a great feast there, while the wonderful harp hung on the wall before them.

Suddenly, the door of the great hallway opened. Everyone stopped talking and looked. There stood Dagda, the chief of the Golden People.

He could not pass the soldiers for fear that they would try to capture him, so he called: "My precious harp, come thou to me!"

The great harp, in its magic, leaped down from the wall and dashed through the room to its master, knocking over tables and benches as it went.

When it reached Dagda, the great chief drew his hand gently across the strings.

"Show now thy magic," he said to it. "Sing now the Magic Song of Sorrow." And as Dagda played, there came from the harp so sad a song that in a short time all the warriors who sat at the table were weeping.

"Now give them the Magic Song of Mirth," commanded Dagda.

The music changed and became so jolly that in a moment the soldiers were all laughing so loudly, and so heartily, that they could not stop.

Again the chief of the Golden People changed the harp's song.

"Now the Magic Song of Sleep," he said to it.

Then he played upon it so sweet a melody, that soon the warriors from the North all sat with their heads bowed on the tables before them, and fell asleep.

When he was sure that all the men were asleep, Dagda called softly to his

men, who had been waiting outside.

"Come in," he said. "Rescue our treasures which the enemy have brought here, and we will return."

From that day there was never any more war in the land.

The brave people of the North became very friendly with the people of the South. But they tell to their children, until the present time, the story of Dagda, the chief of the Golden People, and of his magic harp.

—Old Irish Legend.

QUESTIONS

1. What was Dagda's magic instrument?
2. What were the songs he played on it?
3. Why was it called a magic harp?
4. What would you call a man who went around singing with a harp?

Music to Hear: Songs of Ireland:

"Believe Me If All These Endearing Young Charms"—*Irish Folk Tune.*

"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"—*Old Irish.*

The first of these two folk songs might best be heard at this time, as played on a harp. It is one of the oldest of Irish tunes, and was often played by strolling harpers, fully two hundred years ago.

HOW THE HARP CAME TO FINLAND

Long ago, in the days of wonderful deeds, there lived a great musician in the far-off land of the North, which we now call Finland.

Though this man could do so many things by using magic, he was in many ways like other men. Each day, he fished in the cold sea waters which beat upon the shores of Finland. At night, when the day's fishing was over, he would sit for hours singing songs about great men, and about the things they did in the days which had gone by.

One day, as he and some other men were going home in their boats after fishing all day, they saw a great sea animal in the water. The magician called upon his magic sword and killed the great fish with one blow. Then they rowed to the land and called all

the people together so that they might share in a fine feast.

After the meat of the fish had been eaten, the bones were left on a pile of rocks near the water. In those days men used to make beautiful toys from the bones.

But when the magician saw the great size of these bones, he said, "These bones are so large that we must not use them for toys. Instead, I shall tell you how to make a new and wonderful harp upon which we can make sweet music."

He called all the bone carvers together and told them just how the new harp should be made. But there was no man in the whole village who could carve the bones in the way the magician wanted.

At last, he himself began to carve the bones.

He made the arches of the harp

from the jawbones of the fish. He used its teeth as pins to hold the strings. For strings, he took hairs from the tail of his magic horse.

When the magician had finished, he had a very beautiful harp. Each piece of bone had pictures on it of ships, birds, and fishes.

He called this harp a *kantele* (kan'-tay-lay).

Everyone came to see it. The magician gave it to each one in turn, so that they might play it. All the friends of the magician, both young and old, big and small, tried to make music. But there was no one able to play.

So the magician said, "I will play on the new harp for you."

First of all he tuned the harp. He made each of its strings tight until it sounded well with the one next to it. Then he played on the strings

with his fingers. Such sweet sounds and fine melodies had never before been heard in Finland.

Every living thing in Finland stopped to listen when they heard the music. Bears, wolves, and other animals came out of the forest, and even the fishes of the sea swam to the edge of the water that they might hear better.

For three whole days the magician played upon his new harp. Men and women were so enchanted by the beautiful music that many of them wept, and their tears ran down into the sea.

The magician then said he would give beautiful new feathers to any bird, or a fine new fur to any animal, that would pick up the tear drops from out of the sea and bring them back to him.

All the animals tried and failed.

Then the raven flew out to sea to look, but it could not find them.

At that moment the duck said, "I will bring the tear drops back." With that it swam away.

Back and forth it swam and went under the water many times. At last, when it came back to the magician, it had with it all the tear drops which had run down into the sea. But wonderful to say, they were no longer tears! Each tear drop had been changed into a beautiful pearl.

"These pearls are the signs of happiness which shall come to you all, through the sweet music of the harp," said the magician.

That is how the duck got its pretty blue feathers which it wears to-day.

And still in that far-off land of the North, called Finland, the beautiful music of the Kantele, the magician's harp, is heard. —*A Legend of Finland.*

QUESTIONS

1. Of what was this fine harp made?
2. Who made it?
3. What did the magician use for strings?
4. What did he use to hold the strings?
5. What do the people of Finland call the harp?
6. Who came to listen to the magician?
7. Look carefully at the picture of the harp on page 148. Then cover the picture and tell as many things as you can remember about how it looks.
8. How is the harp played?
9. Name three instruments that have keys and strings upon which to play.
10. Name a stringed instrument that is played with a bow.
11. How many strings has the instrument you have just mentioned?
12. How were the first harps made?
13. In what country were they made?
14. Make a picture of the harp.
15. How old is the harp and why do you think it is so popular?

Music to Hear:
"Ballad of the North"—*Poenitz.* Listen to the harp.

THE HARP THAT SAVED ENGLAND

Once, as long as a thousand years ago, there lived, in England, a little boy called Edward.

This little boy was often called Edward the Joyous. How happy a boy he must have been to have been called by such a name!

Little Edward had a sweet mother who taught him to be happy by being kind to others.

Edward was a Prince, and his father was Alfred the Great, King of

England. He was called "Great" because he had done so much for his country, and for the people who lived in it.

In those days England was already a very rich land. Often robbers came from other lands to burn the English towns, and to steal from the people.

The English soldiers had been able to drive away many of the robbers. But when the Danes came over the sea, and said they were going to kill them all, the English were very frightened. This was because there were so many Danes, and because they were so cruel.

Very often they left their boats and came on shore to camp.

Then Alfred the Great, King of England, said:

"I am going to find out how many soldiers the Danes have."

When he was a little boy, Alfred

the King had learned to play on the harp.

Now he got out his harp. He dressed himself as a poor man, and walked to the camp of the Danes.

They all thought that he was just a poor, hungry man. So they asked him to come and eat with them. All the evening they listened to his singing, while he played on the harp.

King Alfred stayed in the camp of the Danes for many days. Each day he sang and played for the soldiers, and each day he kept watching them. He found out how many there were of them, and learned all their plans.

When he had found out just what he wanted to know, he left the camp. Then he walked back to his own camp and told his own soldiers what to do. With their help he drove all the Danes out of England.

— *H. G. K.*

SOMETHING TO DO

It would be fun to make a little play of this story. Some children may take the part of English soldiers, and some may take the part of the Danish soldiers. A harp for the use of the King might be made with a wooden frame and rubber bands.

Music to Hear:

Here are four old Christmas hymns, all played by the harp:

"While Shepherds Watched"—Written by *Nahum Tate*, 1702.

"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"—*Sears-Willis.*

"Silent Night, Holy Night"—*Mohr-Gruber.*

"O Come, All Ye Faithful"—*Marcus Portugal.* First sung about 1797.

THE FOX

The Fox set out in hungry plight,
And begged the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to travel that night,
Before he could reach his den O!

First he came to a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared it was hard

That their nerves should be shaken,
and their rest be marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

He seized the gray goose by the sleeve,
Says he, "Madam Gray Goose, by your leave,
I'll carry you off without reprieve,
And take you away to my den O!"

He seized the gray duck by the neck,
And flung her over across his back,
While the old duck cried out, "Quack, quack, quack,"
With her legs dangling down behind O!

Then old Mrs. Flipper Flapper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head,
Crying, "John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the Fox is off to his den O!"

Then John went up to the top of the hill,
And he blew a blast both loud and shrill.
Says the Fox, "That is fine music, still
I'd rather be off to my den O!"

So the Fox he hurried home to his den,
To his dear little foxes eight, nine, ten.
Says he, "We're in luck, here's a big fat duck
With her legs dangling down behind O!"
Then the Fox sat down with his hungry wife,
And they made a good meal without fork or knife,
They never had a better time in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones O!

—*Old Folk Rhyme.*

Music to Hear:
"Scherzo"—*Beethoven.*

THE LITTLE TOY LAND OF THE DUTCH

Away, 'way off 'cross the seas and such
Lies the little flat land of the Dutch,
Dutch, Dutch!

Where the green toy meadows stretch
off to the sea,
With a little canal where a fence ought
to be!

Where the windmills' arms go round,
round, round,
And sing to the cows with a creaky
sound.

Where storks live up in the chimney
top,
And wooden shoes pound, plop, plop,
plop!

Where little toy houses stand in a row,
And dog carts clattering past them go!

Where milk cans shine in the shiniest
way,
And the housemaids scrub, scrub, scrub
all day.

Where dikes keep out the raging sea,
And shut in the land as cozy as can be.

Oh, that little toy land, I like it much,
That prim little, trim little, land of the
Dutch!

—*Author Unknown.*

Music to Hear:
"The Mill Wheel"—*Birge.*

GOOD NIGHT! GOOD MORNING!

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"
Such a number of rooks came over her head
Crying, "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"
The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! our work is begun."

—*Lord Houghton.*

Music to Hear:
"Good Morning"—*Johnstone.*
"Mother Goose Lullaby"—*Folk.*
"Morning"—*Grieg.*

TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse! We'll see about that!"
"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You won't have that mouse," said the little one.

As I told you before, 'twas a stormy night,
When these two little kittens began to fight;
Then the old woman seized her sweeping broom,

And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid themselves down on a mat by the door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

—*Author Unknown.*

Music to Hear:
"Pretty Pussy"—*From "Songs for Children."*
"Three Little Kittens"—*Johnstone.*

DING DONG! DING DONG!

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'Tis about a little bird;
He sat upon a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never spoke a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'Tis about a little mouse;
He looked very cunning,
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song
About my little kitty;
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

—*Eliza Lee Follen.*

Music to Hear:
"Sky Music"—*Norfolk Chimes.*
"Serenata"—*Moszkowski.*

THE END

Night is come,
  Owls are out;
Beetles hum
  Round about.

Children snore
  Safe in bed,
Nothing more
  Need be said.

—*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

Music to Hear:
"Evening Bells"—*Kullak.*
"Andantino"—*Thomas.*

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